

THE EXCURSION
DOWN THE WYE,
FROM
ROSS TO MONMOUTH:
INCLUDING
HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNTS
OF
WILTON AND GOODRICH
CASTLES:

ALSO OF
COURT FIELD,
THE NURSERY OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH;
NEW WEAR;

AND EVERY OTHER OBJECT IN THE VOYAGE.

THE CELEBRATED FAMILY OF THE SWIFTS,

WHO RESIDED AT GOODRICH, ARE NOT OVERLOOKED;

And, throughout the Whole, are interspersed, a Variety of amusing and
interesting Circumstances, never before Collected :

PARTICULARLY,
MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES
OF THE LIFE OF
JOHN KYRLE, ESQ.

RENDERED IMMORTAL BY THE MUSE OF POPP, UNDER THE CHARACTER OF

THE MAN OF ROSS.

BY CHARLES HEATH, PRINTER, MONMOUTH.

Being an Addition to his Accounts, already printed, of the most interesting Places in
the County, viz. Ragland Castle; Tintern Abbey; Piercefield; Chepstow, &c.

" But all our PRAISES why should LORDS engross?

" Rise, honest MUSE, and sing "THE MAN OF ROSS."

[Moral Essays] Epistle III. to LORD BATHURST, line 249.

MONMOUTH, PRINTED AND SOLD BY HIM IN THE MARKET-PLACE :

Sold also by Mrs. Chambers, Beaufort Arms, Ragland; Mr. Rogers, the Old Passage :
And Mr. Walker, Printer of the Hereford Journal, Hereford. 1796.



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PREFACE.

SINCE the publication of Mr. GILPIN'S "*Observations on the River WYE, and the Picturesque beauty of SOUTH WALES,*" the public attention has been excited, in a high degree, to view the scenes his pen so charmingly describes.

That a River like the Wye, whose course is marked by a perpetual succession of inexpressible beauties, and adorned, for the space of eighty miles, with towns, villages, castles, abbies, and the most captivating landscapes, should have called forth the exertion of his pen and pencil, we by no means wonder at; for the scenery which he delineates is peculiarly calculated for the display of his admirable talents.

Greatly indeed have we to lament the misfortune of his having undertaken the voyage under every disadvantage of the weather; for if a *rainy day* could have excited such description, what might not have been expected when viewed in the gaiety and splendor of *sun-shine*?

P R E F A C E.

Mr. GRAY, so celebrated for his *Elegy* and other Poems, has left us his tribute of praise on this pleasing excursion, in the following Letter to his friend Mr. MASON, dated the 24th of May 1771 :

“ My last summer's tour was through *Worcestershire*,
“ *Gloestershire*, *Monmouthshire*, *Herefordshire*, and *Shropshire*, five
“ of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. 'The very
“ principal light, and capital feature of my journey, was
“ the River WYE, which I descended in a boat, for near
“ forty miles, from *Ross* to *Chepstow*. Its banks are a suc-
“ cession of nameless beauties. One, out of many, you
“ may see not ill-described by Mr. WHEATLEY, in his
“ *Observations on Modern Gardening*, under the name of the
“ NEW WEIR. He has also touched on two others,
“ *Tintern Abbey*, and *Persfield*; both of them famous scenes;
“ and both on the WYE. *Monmouth*, a town I never heard
“ mentioned, lies on the same river; in a vale, that is the
“ delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure. 'The vale
“ of *Abergavenny*, *Ragland* and *Chepstow Castles*, *Ludlow*, *Malvern*
“ *Hills*, &c. were the rest of my acquisitions.—”

To aid the traveller's Observations in this journey, is the motive for the publication of these sheets. Works of Topography are, in general, printed in a large size, ill-calculated as companions on a tour; a book like this, is far better adapted for the purpose, which takes up little room, and if lost is of no value. It will serve to refresh the memories of those who have viewed the scenes; and to those who are less happy, it will impart a variety of useful and necessary information.

Tho'

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Tho' the *upper* part of the Wye may afford much pleasing scenery, it is from *Ross* that the excursion usually commences. Boats lightly constructed, which are used either with or without a sail, and navigated by three men, are kept in constant readiness. It requires but little exertion to proceed down the river, when the wind is not contrary to the current; but as its stream is only influenced by the tide about 12 miles above Chepstow, it calls forth some force to drag it back the remainder of the way; obstructed as it is by rapid falls, weirs, &c. in many places.

The price of a boat from *Ross* to *Monmouth*, is *One Guinea and a Half*; from *Ross* to *Chepstow*, *Three Guineas*: besides provisions for the boatmen; which may be allowed for, or found by the company, as is most agreeable to the party.



ROSS

Is thus described in the "Magna Britannia,"---Camden (Gibson's edition) scarcely mentioning it:

" Rosse, a market and a free borough town, so made by
" King Henry III. in Greytree hundred. It is a well-
" built, populous, and well-frequented town, by reason of
" its markets on Thursdays, which is plentifully stored with
" cattle and other provisions, weekly, and four fairs
" yearly, on Ascension-day, Corpus Christi, St. Margaret
" July 20, and St. Andrew. It consists of two streets,
" crossing each other, four furlongs in length a piece, con-
" taining about 300 houses; Mr. Camden says, 'twas in
" his time noted for smiths; but if so, there is no appearance
" of

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“ of it, there being no more of that trade than in other
“ towns. At the West end of this town there is a fine
“ broad causeway lately raised. Over against Rosse is
“ Wilton, in Wormlow hundred, a very ancient castle of
“ the Greys, from whom so many illustrious persons have
“ descended.”

The town is situated on the declivity of a hill, and when viewed from the Westward occupies a bold and commanding eminence, at whose feet the river Wye flows in the most beautiful meandering manner.

It is distant from Gloucester eastward 16 miles, Hereford westward 13 miles, Ledbury northward 13 miles, and Monmouth southward 10 miles: but what *particularly* marks it, is being the birth-place and residence of Mr. *John Kyrle*, commonly called *The Man of Ross*, whom *Pope* has rendered immortal by a panegyric on his character, in his “ Epistle to Lord Bathurst, on the Use of Riches.”

Memoirs of his Life being but imperfectly known, the following sketches may prove acceptable, being asserted on such authorities as are unquestionable.

MR.

PREFACE.

MR. JOHN KYRLE, celebrated by POPE as "THE MAN OF ROSS," a charitable, humane, and public-spirited character, well worthy the imitation of his superiors in rank and fortune; but it was not in his power, with an income which scarcely ever amounted to *Five Hundred Pounds a Year*, to compass the many beneficent undertakings ascribed to him. The poet, therefore, must be understood to mean, that, by the influence of his example, and solicitations to his wealthier neighbours, as well as his own contributions, he effected his various benevolent purposes.

He gave two public dinners in a week, where personal worth, and humble merit, were more attended to, than dignity or fortune; and after the servants had dined, what remained was always distributed to the poor. Neither made dishes or wine ever appeared at his table; his expences for his own personal gratification were trifling, by which means he was enabled to lay by for the poor a greater proportion of his income than most men have inclination or self-denial enough to give up; and during the winter, while the majority of rich people retire to London, from dreary prospects and clouded skies, he fulfilled what is rare in the present day, the useful and honourable duties of a country gentleman, diffusing the comforts of food, fuel, raiment and attendance, among the sick, the indigent, and the old.

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One part of his conduct in relieving the poor, deserves to be noticed by those who have ability and inclination to dispense the gifts of mercy. He expected every one who applied for relief *to do something*, as far as was consistent with age and health; for he rightly considered it as a discouragement to, and a tax upon, diligence and industry, to support any but the aged and infirm in indolence and inactivity. A constant resource of elemosynary employment was therefore regularly provided, such as gathering stones, way-mending, clearing wood, transplanting young trees into hedge-rows, and other tasks, adapted to the strength and abilities of his various supplicants.

Dress and personal ornament consumed but little of his time, attention, or money. He was remarkably plain and homely in this respect; and on a journey he once made into Oxfordshire, without a servant, was apprehended at BENSON, in that county, on suspicion of being a *highwayman*! The Justice was better acquainted with the penal statutes than with Pope's writings, and our MAN OF ROSS would certainly have been committed to prison, had he not sent for some of the neighbouring gentlemen, who hurried in their carriages to bail him.*

* Similar stories have been told of eminent men; and, among the rest, of a distinguished member of the Royal Society. Collecting some botanical plants under a hedge in the neighbourhood of his seat in Lincolnshire, he was observed by a person travelling on the road, who suspecting his intentions, laid hold on him, and forced him before a Justice of the Peace. Sir - - - - was immediately recognised by the magistrate, being a visiting acquaintance, who informed the traveller of the rank of his prisoner: the stranger fell on his knees, imploring protection for the insult offered, alledging for his defence—he thought he had been a robber.

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He was, for many years, a blessing to the town of Ross and its neighbourhood, an assister of young tradesmen on their first commencing business, an assiduous healer of discord and contention, a friend to the fatherless and widow, and died at the age of *eighty-eight*, with that calm confidence and serene hope such a life insures,—a death which we all wish for, but few of us have a right to expect.

POPE'S LINES

ON

THE MAN OF ROSS.

- * P. “ But all our praises why should Lords engross?
“ Rise, honest Muse, and sing the *Man of Ross* :
“ Pleas'd VAGA ecchoes † thro' her winding bounds,
“ And rapid SEVERN hoarse applause resounds.
“ Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
“ From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
“ Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
“ Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
“ But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
“ Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.

* By the letters P. and B. at the beginning of the paragraphs, it should be understood, that the poem is a kind of dialogue between the poet and his friend Lord Bathurst.

† This discrimination of the character of the two rivers, is compatible with the Poet's good sense. The lofty banks and mazy course of the Wye are the circumstances from whence its beauty arises. It could not well ECCHO unless its banks were both lofty and winding. The Severn, influenced by high and rapid tides, is kept in a perpetual state of uproar and agitation, which conveys to the mind ideas of the most striking contrast.

“ Whose

P R E F A C E.

“ Whose *Causeway* parts the vale with shady rows?
“ Whose *Seats* the weary traveller repose?
“ Who taught that heav’n-directed *Spire* to rise?
“ The MAN OF ROSS,”—each lisping babe replies.
“ Behold the Market-place with poor o’erspread!
“ The MAN OF ROSS divides the weekly bread:
“ He feeds yon alms house, neat, but void of state,
“ Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
“ Him portion’d maids, apprentic’d orphans blest’d,
“ The young who labour, and the old who rest.
“ Is any sick? the MAN OF ROSS relieves,

“ Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
“ Is there a variance? enter but his door,
“ Balk’d are the courts, and contest is no more.
“ Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
“ And vile Attornies, now an useless race.

B. “ Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
“ What all so wish, but want the pow’r to do!
“ Oh say, what sums that gen’rous hand supply?
“ What mines to swell that boundless charity?

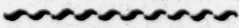
P. “ Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
“ This man possess’d—*five hundred pounds a year!*
“ Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your
“ blaze!

“ Ye little Stars, hide your diminish’d rays!

B. “ And what! no monument, inscription, stone!
“ His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. “ Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
“ Will never mark the marble with his name.”

Moral Essays, Epistle III. line 249.



P R E F A C E.

The observation of Dr. JOHNSON on the foregoing lines of POPE,* are deserving our notice:—

“ Into this poem [meaning the Epistle to Lord Bathurst]
 “ some hints are historically thrown, and some known cha-
 “ racters are introduced, with others of which it is difficult to
 “ say how far they are real or fictitious; but the praise of
 “ KYRL, the *Man of Ross*, deserves particular examination,
 “ who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public
 “ works and private charities, is said to have diffused all those
 “ blessings from *five hundred a year*. Wonders are willingly
 “ told, and willingly heard. The truth is, that KYRL was
 “ a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by
 “ whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay con-
 “ tributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he
 “ obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the ut-
 “ most extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give
 “ more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received
 “ from the Minister of the place; and I have preserved it,
 “ that the praise of a good man, being made more credible,
 “ may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and im-
 “ practicable virtue will be read with wonder, but that
 “ which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that
 “ good may be endeavoured, it must be shewn to be pos-
 “ sible.”

LIFE OF POPE, V. iv. P. 111-2.

* In the MS. of this poem, instead of the couplet beginning with
 “ Pleas'd Vaga, &c.” it stood thus:

“ Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore;
 “ Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more.”

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On making application to the Rev. Mr. *Taylor*, Minister of *Ross*, to ascertain from the parish register the day of Mr. *Kyrle*'s birth, as also the names of his parents; I was informed by him, that it did not go so far back as 1636, the year in which he was born, as he died in 1724.

The following authentic particulars, Mrs. *Prosser*, then [June 10, 1796] of the King's Head Inn, *Ross*, the nearest relative living to the *Kyrle* family, was pleased to impart, in a personal conversation, at her house, on that day.

Mr. *John Kyrle* having no family (it should be known that he was never married), left his estates in the following manner, to his nearest relation, Mr. *Vandernoot Kyrle*, and his heirs. This Mr. *Vandernoot Kyrle* had two sons and a daughter, named *Robert*, *Walter*, and *Elizabeth*. After the death of their father, the property was bequeathed to *Robert* the eldest son, and his heirs male. He failing issue, then to *Walter* the second son, and his heirs male. *Walter* dying without issue male, then to *Elizabeth* the daughter, and her heirs male or female. But, from a flaw in the Will, Mr. *Robert Kyrle* cut off the intail, and made it a jointure to his wife and daughter, whose descendants now enjoy it.

PHILIP JONES, Esq. Attorney, at *Ross*, by marriage of the female heir, is the present owner of the estates.

She did not know in what degree of affinity Mr. *Van. Kyrle* stood to *The Man of Ross*, tho' his heir, nor have I been able to obtain it.

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THE PORTRAIT
OF
THE MAN OF ROSS.

A character so much beloved could not fail to excite a wish among his friends, to perpetuate his memory by the skill of the painter; yet such was his modesty, that no inducement, tho' often solicited, could prevail over him to sit for his portrait. But some gentlemen of Ross being determined on possessing his likeness, engaged an artist from London, who sketched it while he sat at Church, attending Divine Service on a Sunday.

It is an half length, $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high by 2 feet wide, and is valuable for its extreme likeness, tho' condemned by the connoisseur as a mere daubing. Mr. Walter Kyrle, Mr. V. K.'s second son, and who died in 1775, I was told by Mrs. Proffer, who lived with him, was said to have been the very image of the Man of Ross in his countenance.

There were two pictures; one at Mr. Wall's, the King's Arms Inn, the other at Mr. Proffer's, the King's Head Inn; but when Mr. Wall removed, in the year 1795, from Ross, to the Swan Inn, Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire, he made the Man of Ross a companion in his journey, to the great regret of Mr. George, the present occupier, and disappointment of many of his travelling customers.

That

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That they are both done by the same artist, must strike every person who has viewed them. Mrs. Proffer says, that in their possession was given to Mr. Walter Kyrle by the person who drew it; and left to her by Mr. Walter Kyrle. Indeed they are so near alike, that but for this being *fresher* than Mr. Wall's, it would be impossible to distinguish one from the other.

He is drawn in a kind of loose gown, or *robe de chambre*, his cravat hanging down below his chest, after the fashion of King William III'd's time. The hair of his wig is parted at the top, and combed down close to his ears, below which it hangs. Our modern beaux lately introduced such an imitation. There is something extremely calm and placid in his countenance, corresponding with his benevolent mind.—I have been told, his features were what is deemed rather harsh than otherwise.

With all its merits and all its imperfections, Mr. Proffer refused for it, last summer, the sum of *one hundred guineas*.

HIS RING.

Mr. Kyrle usually wore a *ring* with a peculiar device. It was a small ruby set in gold; but on touching the point of the stone, it opened, and emitted the head of a snake, hissing, and its tongue out. This ring is now in the possession of Mrs. Flack (Mrs. Proffer's sister), who lately kept an inn at Reading, in Berkshire, but now resides at Bath.

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HIS POCKET-BOOK.

The only article which Mrs. Proffer* retained in her possession, belonging to the Man of Ross, besides his *picture*, was his *pocket-book*. This contained (noted by himself) the method of spending his time, his journies, expences, and other memorandums: but, unfortunately, trusting it to her son Mr. James Proffer, who carried it about, he lost it from his pocket. The observations of such a man as Mr. Kyrle would, if made public, have afforded matter of much

* Tho' death is a debt we must all sooner or later pay, I feel a regret in being the narrator of her sudden dissolution, even accompanied as it was with her most earnest wishes, when I call to mind her uncommon cheerful behaviour, and readiness in answering my questions, but a few days before.

What particulars are here related, respecting Mr. Kyrle, were communicated to me on Friday the 10th of June, which she imparted with all the gaiety of youth, tho' far advanced in years, and had been up nearly the whole of every night in that week, thro' the business of the Herefordshire election. She spoke with a peculiar degree of satisfaction that she had the honour of waiting on Mr. Harley at her own house.

She, like many others, had drank deep from the cup of disappointment, but few have the fortitude to taste its bitter draft with equal resolution. On mentioning the want of judgment in Mr. Kyrle, with respect to his Will being properly expressed, thro' which neglect the estate was conveyed into another family, she answered with an emotion of pleasure as if she then enjoyed it, "WE ARE NOT ALL BORN TO BE RICH." As I stood smiling at the apathy with which she held the dispensations of fortune (receiving it as a fine lesson for discontent), she again said, "YOU KNOW, SIR, WE ARE NOT."

Being at Ross on Sunday the 20th, I found she had been seized with a paralytic stroke on Tuesday evening, the 14th, and died on Wednesday the 15th, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning.

Some probably may look on the above note as trifling and ridiculous, but I thought any circumstance worth preserving, connected with the family of The Man of Ross, more especially as being the eldest relative at that time remaining.

curiosity,

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curiosity, and pleasant remark, in contrasting them with the manners of the present day. It has been but lately missing. Mr. Proffer told me, he rather thought it was mislaid among his mothers papers; but she denied any knowledge of it. It is not improbable but that time may yet restore it. I must confess myself sorry for the accident; because I have every reason to believe, both from Mrs. and Mr. Proffer's polite behaviour to me, that had the book been in their hands, they would have permitted me to have made such extracts from it, as would have been deemed worth preserving. But, as the Latin phrase expresses it, *We cannot have all things to our mind; or as we wish them.*

HIS MONUMENT

IN ROSS CHURCH.

Mr. POPE has added the following Note to his Lines * on the *Man of Ross*:—

“ The person here celebrated, who with
“ a small estate actually performed all these good works,
“ and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title
“ of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and
“ partly by being buried without so much as an inscription)
“ was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724;
“ aged 90, and lyes interred in the chancel of the church of
“ Ross, in Herefordshire.”

* After the line “ Will never mark the marble,” the MS. stood thus:

“ The Register inrolls him with his Poor,
“ Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
“ Just as he ought, he fill'd the Space between;
“ Then stole to rest unheeded and unseen.

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If I cannot confirm the assertion of Mr. Pope, that he was buried

“ Without a monument, inscription, stone !”

it was not till the year 1776 that a proper tribute of respect was paid to his memory; at which time, a Lady Carnoo left a sum of money, chargeable on her estates,* now the property of Colonel Money, for that purpose: in consequence of which, a very handsome monument was in that year erected, against the north wall of the chancel, the workmanship of Mr. Marsh, Statuary, in Bristol.

It is of a pyramidical form; the tablet of black, the upper part of beautiful variegated, marble. At the top is a fine bust, in relievo, of Mr. Kyrle; below it, three figures also in the same taste, that on the left hand holding a cornucopia reversed; which may be the symbol of *Benevolence* or *Charity dispensing Plenty*: at the bottom are his arms, with with the motto “ VIRTUTE ET FIDE.”

On the tablet is this simple Inscription, in gilt letters :

This
MONUMENT
was Erected
in Memory of
MR. JOHN KYRLE,
commonly called
The MAN of ROSS.

* In the parish of Much Marcle, between Ross and Ledbury.

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The following INSCRIPTION I copied from the Stone under which the KYRLE family lie interred, in the chancel of Ross Church.

Blue flaty stone. Arms at top.

Vert, a chevron with a crescent, between three fleurs de lis, or.

*The Crest. A hedgehog.**

*John Kyrle, Esq. died November 7th, 1724,
Aged 88.*

*Vandernoot Kyrle, Esq died October 5, 1727,
Aged 55.*

*Robert Kyrle, Esq. died March 13, 1736,
Aged 31.*

*Mrs. Frances Kyrle, died February 9, 1744,
Aged 67.*

*Mr. Walter Kyrle, died January 14, 1775,
Aged 70 years.*

*Mrs. Elizabeth Weale, died 23d March, 1779,
Aged 75 years.*

There are several other monuments in the Church worth notice; an account of which I intend to publish at a future day. The traveller, who wishes to view it, will meet with polite attention as well as information from Mr. De la Hay, whose civility to me I take this opportunity to acknowledge.

* The HEDGEHOG signifieth [in Heraldry] a man expert in gathering of substance, and one that providently layeth hold upon profered opportunity, and so "making hay" (as we say proverbially) "whilst the sun doth shine," preventeth future want.

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CONTINUANCE
OF
INTERESTING PARTICULARS
RELATING TO THE
“MAN OF ROSS,”

COMMUNICATED TO C. HEATH, BY A PERSON NOW LIVING,
WHO KNEW HIM,
AND NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

AS Mrs. PROSSER was only sixty-two years old when she died, she could not have had any *personal* knowledge of the *Man of Ross*; but it appeared to me probable, that some person remained in the Town, who might have known him. Mentioning my wishes to a few friends, with whom I was sitting in company, they kindly informed me, that several aged inhabitants had died, within the space of the last four or five years, whose memories would have gratified my enquiries to their fullest extent; but that they would send for the oldest man they thought capable of giving me any information, which was

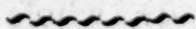
WILLIAM DOBBS, *the* CRYER, *of* ROSS,
who came at their request, and was introduced among us
—a venerable old man, bending under the weight of
years; whose hoary head, and resigned countenance to the
infirmities of Time, highly interested the heart in his
favour. Finding, by conversation, his memory perfectly
d collected,

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collected, I engaged him in rendering explanations of Mr. POPE's Lines on "*The Man of Ross*," and every particular circumstance respecting Mr. KYRLE, with which he had least the knowledge; the whole of which Information is contained in the following pages.

Let not the fastidious taste of my Reader mark with apathy the source from whence it is derived:—I have read over the narrative to some friends, who had it in their power to correct many parts, but they all agreed in the general truths it contained. Therefore, as no other person has attempted so minutely to illustrate or explain the *Panegyric*, I hope it will impart a novelty, equally pleasing as the circumstances are true.

I do not think it particularly necessary to appropriate Mr. POPE's panegyric line by line, but will give the whole of DOBBS's information, as I received it from his mouth, in a general detail, leaving the Reader to make what comment he pleases, and form his own opinion; attaching to myself the fidelity of my report.



William said, he was then *eighty-four*, so that he was *twelve* years old when Mr. *John Kirle* died, and that he remembered him *perfectly well*.

Examination and Comparison of the Portrait.

BEING at the King's Head Inn, where the portrait is placed, we walked up stairs to examine its resemblance. William says, the eyes and nose are much like the original, but

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but the cheeks in the picture are not so full. Also, that the wig he wore was a short cut wig, bushy behind, not so full on the sides as it is there represented. The parting of the hair at the top, and the mode in which he wore his cravat, are described with exactness.*

Stature and Dress.

Mr. Kyrle was full 5 feet 10 inches, if not 6 feet, high; strong and lusty made, jolly and ruddy in the face, with a large nose. William confirms the assertion, respecting the plainness of his dress, which was a *dark brown suit*, all the same colour.

Employments and usual Method of spending his Time.

Mr. Kyrle was a man that took little or no delight in what the world calls *company*. All his pleasures seemed centred in executing or promoting some present good or future advantage. Buying and planting young trees, laying out walks, and such parts of ornamental gardening, were the employments of his later years, to which Dobbs refers. And when his own estate did not claim his attention, he would ask permission to render service, of a like kind, to his neighbours. With a spade on his shoulder, and glass bottle of liquor in his hand, he used to walk from his house [now the King's Arms], to his fields, and back again, several times every day; and was always assisted by two or three, and sometimes more workmen, according as circumstances re-

* I have the authority of an Artist, who saw the Picture with me, whose judgment I can rely on—for asserting, That tho' there might be some small shades of difference with respect to the fullness of the cheeks, and the fashion of the wig; yet there is that CHARACTER which marks it as a likeness of the person for whom it was taken.

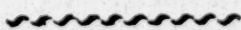
quired

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quired less or additional aid. I have seen him, he says, thus accoutred, and at work, an hundred times.

Relates the following ANECDOTE of Mr. KYRLE, and one of his labourers whose name was RUFFORD. [Says he was called *mad Rufford*, from his impetuous temper, and violent method of expressing himself when displeased.]

Being out at work together, Rufford had finished his bottle before the labour of the day was concluded, and wished for another draft; which Mr. Kyrle observing, gave him his own to drink from. Rufford was a thirsty soul, and like the generality of his countrymen loved the juice of the apple; and when he got the liquor to his mouth, seemed very unwilling, from the swig he took at it, to part with it, till he came to the bottom; which being what his master neither wished nor expected, he began hallooing, and when he put it down, said, "Ods bud, Ods bud [*his usual exclamation*] Rufford, could not you hear?" "No, Sir, says Rufford, *I could not hear at that time.*" Soon after Mr. Kyrle took up the bottle, and began drinking from it, when Rufford, who was at work near, stepped before him, and began to make violent gestures with his mouth, but did not utter a word. When Mr. Kyrle laid it down, he asked Rufford, "Why he did not halloo?" "So I did, Sir, replied Rufford, *as loud as I could.*" "If you did, says Mr. Kyrle, *I did not hear you.*" "Sir, rejoins Rufford, did I not before tell you, *That no man can hear when he is drinking.*"



William's

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William's mother kept a very large school in a house adjoining the churchyard in Ross, which Mr. Kyrle often visited every week, for the purpose of enquiring what children were objects of encouragement, and what of reproof; those who deserved censure he would *roar at* [having a very strong and rough voice] and exclaim, "*Ods bud, ods bud*, but " he would mend them."

"Who hung with Woods, &c."

On the South side of the Church is laid down, thro' the estate which belonged to Mr. Kyrle, a neat gravel path, which still retains the name of the person who formed it; and runs parallel with the course of the Wye. Towards the middle it is carried nearer to the edge of a rocky eminence, partially clothed with underwood, and shaded with beech and other timber in a thriving state. The trees planted by Mr. Kyrle, which had grown to a very fine and large size, have since his death been cut down.

At the extremity of the walk is placed a Summer House, which affords an agreeable retreat, as well as a pleasing view of the river and adjoining country. Over the door is a landscape, from the right side of which issues, out of the clouds, a man's hand (a whimsical idea), the fore-finger pointing to a wood opposite. A Latin inscription (now defaced) was added underneath, claiming the visitor's attention to the hand who planted it. This painting was affixed by Mr. Newman, at that time a Surgeon in Ross, who rented the Summer House of the Proprietor. It appears going to decay; and is not open to public inspection; but the Traveller will not regret his walk if he cannot enter it; especially

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cially if, like the Writer, he calls to mind, that he treads a spot of ground, the taste of whose owner the Muse of POPE has rendered *immortal*.

It is in extent about a mile : and (what is very pleasant) white gates will conduct you thro' it, without the assistance of enquiry. The fields form the farm of the Proprietor, Philip Jones, Esq.

This is the only place to which the Poet's Lines can, with truth, be applied : because the fine woods on the left are, and were before Mr. Kirle's time, the property of another family. Mr. Merrick, in a descriptive poem, styles them

“ PROUD Pen-yard's Woods,”

an epithet which their lofty situation and grand appearance justly deserves.

“ *Whose Seats the weary traveller repose?* ”

There is only *one seat* now remaining in the Walks ; the rest have been wilfully destroyed by loose and idle people in passing thro' the grounds. If accepted in any other sense,—as Inns were not so numerous as they are at present, it must allude to the kind reception, and hospitable entertainment, which his goodness of heart induced him to shew the stranger who visited Ross.

“ *From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?* ”

At the West end of the churchyard is a field, enclosed with a brick wall, and called

“ THE PROSPECT,”

for its beautiful situation : from whence you enjoy a charm-

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ing view of the country, and particularly of the river, which meanders, both above and below the bridge, thro' meadows of the richest verdure. In the centre of this field was a FOUNTAIN, which supplied the near inhabitants with water, but from its becoming a receptacle for the carcases of dead animals, it was afterwards disused. William describes it as forming an oval of some extent, in proportion to its depth, which was near 8 feet, the sides secured with brick, and the bottom paved with fine square stones. He does not remember it when it was filled with water, but his father had often mentioned and described it to him. When a boy, he used to play at marbles in it, and at last they took the pavement away to rear the balls on, when they played at fives in the churchyard. It was filled up about three years ago, so that its memory is preserved only by tradition.

The fountain was supplied with water by means of an engine, in Wye meadows, at a place called the Dock.

The Writer of this article has been informed, that the reason for suffering the fountain to be neglected, originated in the frequent bursting of the pipes, in throwing up the water such an amazing height, which occasioned infinite trouble and expence to keep them in repair. A better and more convenient method has since been adopted, for supplying the town with this necessary comfort in life.

On the West side of the close is placed a very handsome sundial, made by Sanders, on which is engraved Mr. Kyrle's arms,* and without doubt placed there by him.

* Which are as often without as with the CRESCENT.

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On the North and South sides are handsome gateways, both of which were surmounted also with his arms, but those over the North door have either been taken down, or destroyed by the barbarous hands of ignorance; and under them is carved the year in which they were erected, 1700.

Against the wall, at the N. W. corner, is the following INSCRIPTION, on a square plate of copper, relating to the extent of the enclosure, and distance from places mentioned.

Anno Domini 1700.

	YARDS.
1 Once about this place, 10 feet from the wall, is	372
2 A statute or post mile, is - - -	1760
3 Five times about this place, is more than a mile by	100
4 * * * *	*
5 From Ross Church to WESTON Church, is -	4098
6 Which make two miles and a quarter and -	138
7 Eleven times about this place, is short of WESTON Church - -	6
8 * * *	*
9 From Ross Church to BRAMPTON Church, by the ONE MILL, is - -	2780
10 Which make a mile and a half and -	140
11 Seven times about this place, is short of BRAMPTON Church - -	176
12 * * * *	*

At the bottom of the plate, on the left side, are Mr. Kyrle's Arms; and on the right side, a Cypher; between which is the laughable distich,

"Trahit sua quemq. voluptas."

"Every one has his hobby-horse."

"Whose

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“Whose Causeway parts the Vale with shady Rows?”

The communication of Hereford and Monmouth with Ross, and towns beyond it, being liable to obstruction in time of floods, from the lowness of the road on the other side of Wilton bridge, it became an object of public attention to counteract their effects. Accordingly, Mr. Kyrle, (whose mind seems ever awake to promote the public interest) procured a subscription, and accomplished the purpose, by building a noble stone causeway; so that the road is kept constantly open, except in cases of very extraordinary freshes, more than one or two of which probably happen in the memory of man; and as the causeway is only passable in cases of necessity, it will long remain a monument of his zeal in promoting the interest and safety of the public at large. It is kept in repair by the commissioners of the turnpike roads. Mr. Kyrle planted a row of elms on each side of it, but since his death they have been cut down.

“Who taught that Heav'n-directed Spire to rise?”

The Spire of Ross Church has been three times repaired in William's memory, twice thro' the accident of being blown down: and in 1790, to render it more secure. As the earliest misfortune happened about 1730, six years after Mr. Kyrle's death, he cannot appropriate the Poet's allusion, unless a similar fate attended it during Mr. Kyrle's life, which his public spirit caused to be restored to its former state.

It is necessary here further to remark on the FOUNTAIN (as Mr. Pope has not explained, by any Note, the places to which his Lines allude), that the ground which it occupied, when viewed from the Wye meadows, is a soft sandy rock, and perfectly reconcileable to his ideas.

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The E.L.M. seems to have been the favourite tree with Mr. Kyrle, if we may judge from the preference he gave it in all his plantations; for wherever the stranger turns his eye, it will mark his choice; probably from the soil being peculiarly calculated for its growth. The fine rows on the East and West sides of the church* were planted by him, and are, as William believes, the only trees, *known to have been planted by him*, which the axe has suffered to remain. The other sides were equally ornamented by his taste, but have since been cut down by succeeding Vicars. Even in those rows which remain the number has been considerably lessened, nor does care seem to be taken to restore the loss.

Corps Cross field, above the turnpike leading to the Forest of Dean, was planted round with Elms by him; but the axe, since his death, visited them with premeditated intentions of violence, and laid their honours in the dust.

"Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread."

With respect to Mr. Kyrle's alms, and weekly distribution of charity, this seems to be the Poet's enlargement. As he saw no company at home, and kept but few domestic servants, the dispensations from his own table must have been limited. William says, if any poor solicited relief at his door, he might give them food or money, but not that the

* The Spire of Ross Church, when viewed at a distance, forms a most beautiful and picturesque object; being, according to the poet's idea,

"Bosom'd high in tufted trees,"

and discernible for many miles round. We hope the AXE will here forego its accustomed depredations, and spare what is not only an ornament to the place, but the admiration of every man of taste who visits the country.

Market-

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Market-place was daily, or even weekly, filled with objects, who founded their claim on his liberality. He thinks (and properly); that they were confined to what are deemed *feastable times*, such as Easter, Whitsuntide, Christmas, and other grand festivals which our Church celebrates.

“ *He feeds you Alms-house.* ”

The Alms-house was founded by the Westfalling family, near Ross. William says Mr. Kyrle took no notice of the endowment, or its possessors. We must therefore attribute the praise to wrong information, for my narrator would have known something of such benevolence if it had been shewn to the objects here mentioned.

I enquired of William,—If, when a boy, he had been noticed by any act of Mr. Kyrle's kindness? to which he replied in the negative, excepting the instance of a loose copper coin, to buy him a cake, or fruit in the season.

Since the earlier sheets were printed off, a gentleman informed me, who had seen the *Pocket Book* I mentioned as lost, that among others, it contained memorandums of such like benefactions.

“ *This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.* ”

Mr. Kyrle's estate was estimated at three hundred pounds a year in *his* lifetime, as the Writer hath been informed; but if valued as landed property is *now* let, it would produce near a thousand per annum.

Having

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Having appropriated the praise of Mr. POPE as far as *William's* knowledge and my own observations would enable me, I shall proceed to lay before the Reader, the particulars of Mr. KYRLE's death, and also of the family who succeeded to his estate.

Mr. Kyrle's Death, Lying in State, and Burial.

With a constitution naturally good, and a life passed in the regular enjoyment of pleasures, drawn from the calmest, purest, and sweetest source, we trace him to an extent of years, beyond the general lot of mankind.

Mr. Kyrle lay ill about a fortnight before he died, but not with any particular visitation of Providence; it was a *gradual decay of Nature*.

Soon after his death was made public, the body *lay in state*, at his own house, for *nine days*. William thus describes the ceremony. The room appropriated for its reception was the parlour on the right hand side of *what is now* the kitchen; which was hung with black, and lighted with wax. The corpse was placed in the centre, covered with a black velvet paul, and at each end of the coffin was placed a mute; but no person was permitted to approach very near, or to lift up the paul, to see in what wood or substance the body was enclosed. *People came from all parts*, both far and near, *to view him lie in state*, never having heard of or seen such a ceremony before in their lives. He cannot justly call to mind in what manner his remains were conveyed to the
grave

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grave, but believes on men's shoulders. Public respect continued its attention to the very last moment; the church as well as the chancel being filled with spectators. William was present in the chancel, and heard the Service read over him, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. Morgan. Mr. Taylor was at that time the officiating Minister of Ross.

Public opinion of his character after his death.

On enquiry, if the inhabitants expressed their esteem, by going into mourning, he observed, "That the town did not manifest its regret, by any external mark, or change of dress, but lamented in a general strain of sorrow, *that it would never again see so good a man.*"

*And what! no Monument, Inscription, Stone!**

Mr. Kyrle being buried near the Altar, it was necessary immediately to relay the pavement which had been taken up for his interment, on account of keeping the chancel in proper order against the time of administering the Sacrament. And as the present stone which covers his remains was not laid down till a year after his death, the Poet might be allowed, with reason, to express his surprise at such neglect of his memory, when his actions, while living, had been marked as *an epitome of the moral virtues.*

Mr.

* Doubts are entertained respecting the truth or fallacy of this assertion. Mr. De la Hay says, that Mr. Hardwick, his predecessor, informed him, the only monumental record to Mr. KYRLE's memory was a flat stone, with the initials of his name: that which at present covers his remains was laid down at the time his monument was erected. William, who was present at the conversation, and whose great age [84] as well as having spent his life in Ross, intitles him to credit, persisted in his former declaration,

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Mr. Vandernoot Kyrle, his heir and successor, came from Ireland; and was called by some *brother*, and by others *cousin*, to the *Man of Ross*. He enjoyed the estate but a few years, and with him died his memory.

Mr. V. Kyrle, in stature, was a short strong-built man, but bore no resemblance in countenance to his relation.

To him succeeded his eldest son Robert. He lived single for some time, then went to Bristol, where he married and settled, and never after made Ross, his residence for a longer time than a visit. Whom or what the lady's name was, William never heard mentioned.

Mr. R. Kyrle was a tall thin man, equally unlike as his father to the *Man of Ross* in family resemblance. He cut off the intail of the estate, and settled it on his Wife and Daughter, which prevented its continuing in the family according to Mr. John Kyrle's Will.

Mr. Walter Kyrle then became tenant to the house, but being a single man, he let it to a neighbour, whom the town familiarly called Joe Prosser, who kept a little fadler's shop adjoining on the left hand. Prosser immediately converted it

ration, which I have before mentioned. An opinion in favour of Mr. Hardwick's information was declared by A FRIEND, because the sharpness of the chisel, and form of the letters, are convincing marks that they are of the date of very late years. I bow with deference to superior judgment, but I shall just add, that tho' there is an appearance of uniformity in the Inscription, it ought not to lead to an actual decision, because Mr. James Prosser [of the King's Head] caused to be added, at his own expence, the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Weale.

I here

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it into an *Inn*, and gave it the name of

THE KING'S ARMS,

for which purpose it has ever since continued, with the *memento*, added by a succeeding landlord,

"THE MAN OF ROSS'S HOUSE."

Proffer lived in it only four years; during which time Mr. Walter Kyrle boarded with him, and when he died married his Widow. Mr. Walter Kyrle continued the Inn for some time after his marriage; but afterwards left it, and let it to Mr. James Wellington, and retired to live in Old Town street, where he ended his days.

It is now occupied by Mr. DANIEL GEORGE, from whom the Nobility, Gentry, and Travellers in general, will meet with respectful attention, and pleasant accommodations.

William confirms the assertion made to me by Mrs. Proffer, "That Mr. W. Kyrle was very like Mr. John Kyrle, as well in person as in figure."

As I have mentioned the Inn, I shall take the liberty to introduce some beautiful POETRY, from a volume of Poems, written by Mr. COLERIDGE of BRISTOL, whose acquaintance I think it an happiness to share.

I here take the opportunity to correct a MISNOMER in page 15 of the Preface, where the Lady, who left the money for defraying the expence of Mr. Kyrle's monument, is stiled CARNOO, instead of KINOUL,--- but even that should be DUPLIN, because she died before her husband had the dignity of EARL of KINOUL conferred upon him,--- on the authority of Colonel MONEY.

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LINES

WRITTEN

AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS,

FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF

“THE MAN OF ROSS.”

R I C H E R than M I S E R o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than K I N G S, or king-polluted L O R D S,
Here dwelt the M A N of ROSS ! O Trav'ler hear !
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.
Beneath this roof if thy cheer'd moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass :
To higher zest shall M E M ' R Y wake thy soul,
And V I R T U E mingle in th' ennobled bowl.
But if like me, thro' life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been ;
And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tost in thought ;
Here cheat thy cares ! in generous visions melt,
And dream of Goodness, thou hast never felt !

The Reader will find the whole of the Collection deserving his highest approbation.



Part

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Part of the garden belonging to the house, was converted into the present bowling-green by Mr. Walter Kyrle. The Man of Ross took great delight in horticulture, and kept his garden in great order. Had he been living (says my narrator, shaking his head), *it never would have been made a bowling-green.*

On the West side of the Green is a handsome summer house, but since the death of Mr. Kyrle little or no care has been taken of it, tho' it is used by the frequenters of the Green as a place of recreation.

Miss Elizabeth Kyrle, Mr. Vand. Kyrle's only daughter, married a Mr. Weale, a gentleman-farmer, in the neighbourhood of Ledbury; and lies buried in the chancel of Ross church. Her name is inserted on the stone with the rest of her family.

" DESPAIRING QUACKS *with curses fled the place,*

" *And VILE ATTORNIES, now an useless race."*

The Man of Ross being (in the language of Shakespeare) called to

" That bourn from whence no traveller returns,"

the inhabitants, with the liberality of true patriots, have recalled to their respective residences the Sons of LAW and PHYSIC, whom the POET in his anger had consigned to banishment; who, despising the illiberal epithets attached to their Profession, as not applicable to *their* characters, add an ornament, as well as *public good*, to the society of the town of which they are now members.



PREFACE.

MR. KYRLE'S CHAIR.

A curious Relique is preserved in Ross, which is the chair Mr. Kyrle sat in, when he retired to his Summer-house.

At the time this place was rented by Mr. Newman, a Benefit Club was establishing at Mr. Taynton's, the Fountain, in Ross; who, considering the members, in their corporate capacity, as employed in the same benevolent actions as its former owner, made a present of it to the Society.

To attempt a description would far exceed the abilities of the writer; nor does he think any chair-maker could do it justice, unless he called some artist from the shades of Westminster Abbey, to aid his explanation.

Whether it wanted a cushion, to render the seat easy, or some other inducement,—the gift was not regarded in the most favourable light, for in a short time after it was turned out of the club-room, being considered as a piece of lumber, in which neglected state it lay for some years, and was at last ordered to be burnt. The merciful sentence was not carried into execution; and I record with pleasure the zealous exertions of Mr. John Taynton and Mr. John Sharman, stewards of the club, who undertook the task of counsellors, in order to liberate this precious remain from *durance vile*. They succeeded in their efforts; and in addition to its enlargement, it was ordered to be restored to its former situation, and to be clothed in a manner suitable to receive the President of the Society. It was accordingly put under the hands of the painter, who soon concealed the ravages which time had made,

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made, by investing its sturdy oak body with a fine *sky-blue* coat; and to bespeak the purposes for which it was intended, the cabinet-maker formed a crescent, or circular moulding, for the top, on which has been painted

"ROSS FRIENDLY SOCIETY."

It now occupies the upper end of a spacious club room, in Mr. Taynton's house, and is claimed by the President as his seat, during the hours of meeting.

It stands 5 feet 2 inches high, the pinnacle included, and is 2 feet 9 inches broad. It is worthy the traveller's notice, as a curious specimen of the furniture of that day; and I have Mr. TAYNTON's permission to say, that it is open for the inspection of such persons as chuse to view it.

The following are the Bills paid for fitting up the Chair, in a manner suitable for the President of the Society.

From the Club Book.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
1782, Paid John Buckman for repairing the Man of Ross's Chair, for the President to sit in, - - - - -	0	10	6
November 9, 1789, Paid George Dakins, for repairing, painting, and gilding, the Presi- dent's Chair, - - - - -	0	9	6
February 1, 1790, Paid George Dakins, for work done to the President's Chair, - - -	0	0	3
March 4, Paid Thomas Walwyn, for painting the President's Chair, - - - - -	0	2	0
May 16, 1796, Paid Thomas Walwyn, for do.	0	2	9
---- Paid William Hill, for lettering do. -	0	2	0

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IT is usual with the writers of biographical narrative, to precede the account of the person they celebrate, with a pedigree of the family; but as my endeavours to procure it, for the early part of the work, were ineffectual, the Reader must be pleased to accept it here—and tho' short, it is the best I can at present obtain.

JOHN KYRLE, *the far-famed MAN of ROSS*, was a descendant of an ancient and opulent family in Herefordshire. The principal estates of his ancestors, and their chief places of residence, were in the neighbourhood of Ross.

He was the son of Walter Kyrle, Esq. a barrister, and a magistrate of the county, who died in the year 1650.

His mother was Alice, daughter of, and sole heir to, John Mallet, Esq. of Berkley, in the county of Gloucester. She had been before successively married—*first*, to Walter Carwardine, of - - -, in Herefordshire, barrister at law;—*secondly*, to Giles Wyntour, Esq. of Coleford, in the county of Gloucester,—by neither of whom had she issue.

THE MAN OF ROSS was born at WHITEHOUSE, in the parish of DYMCK, and county of Hereford, in the year 1637: he served the office of Sheriff for the county in 1683; died at his house in Ross, 1724: and lies buried in the chancel of Ross church.

He

PREFACE.

He was never married. Had only one brother,---who survived him,---and with whom the family name in Herefordshire is extinct.

The god-like purposes to which the life and fortune of this eminently good man were devoted, and in which the predominant cast of his character is displayed, are particularised with even historic fidelity, by our favourite poet, whose lines are inserted and elucidated in the foregoing pages; which bid defiance to additional eulogy.

WALFORD.

A RESIDENCE OF THE KYRLE FAMILY.

A LITTLE below Goodrich Castle, on the opposite bank of the river, stands the parish church of WALFORD. It is situated in a beautiful and fertile plain; bounded on the W. and S. W. by the Wye; on the E. and N. E. by a ridge of high land; most agreeably diversified, from one extremity to the other, by little enclosures of wood, orcharding, and corn fields; and terminating in the solemn majestic umbrage of PENYARD.

An aisle, or wing, of the Church, is still distinguished by the name of *Kyrle's Chapel*, and was undoubtedly a place of worship, erected by and appropriated to the use of that family, before the parochial church had any existence.

PREFACE.

THE COURT HOUSE,

(As it is called) in this parish,—an ancient, spacious, and venerable mansion—was formerly the residence of several of the Kyrle family, relatives of John Kyrle, Esq. the Man of Ross; particularly of *James Kyrle*, Esq. his *Uncle*; and of a *Colonel Kyrle*, a distinguished military character in the wars of Charles and Cromwell.

It is at present the property of Mrs. JANE CLARKE, of the HILL, near Ross, sole survivor of the ancient respectable family of that name: A Lady lineally related to the *Man of Ross*, and not less admired for kindred virtues.

The mansion is now occupied as a farm house, by Mr. ELTON, a very respectable character, who rents the estate of the above mentioned Lady.



☞ For this communication of the *Pedigree* of Mr. J. Kyrle, and *Account of Walford*, I am indebted to the kindness of a Gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to disclose. He will accept my thanks for the favor, which I sincerely acknowledge.

C. H.



MARCLE.

PREFACE.

MARCLE,

BETWEEN ROSS AND LEDBURY,
ANOTHER RESIDENCE OF THE KYRLE FAMILY.

A VOLUME of Letters, published by the Rev. James Dallaway, a few years ago, contained the following observation, in the Preface :

“ Mrs. BARBARA SANDYS, to whom these Letters are
“ addressed, was a daughter and co-heir of *Sir William Kyrle*,
“ Governor of South Carolina. This family, *originally from*
“ *Flanders*, obtained a settlement in the county of Hereford
“ during the reign of King Henry the Seventh, and changed
“ their paternal name from CRILLES to KYRLE. They
“ claim John Kyrle, Esq. the far-famed Man of Ross. Mrs.
“ Barbara Kyrle was born in 1685.”

In consequence of this information, I took the liberty of waiting on Colonel MONEY, at *Hom House*, the present possessor of *Sir John Kyrle's* estates, in that neighbourhood, by whom I was received with the utmost kindness and hospitality, as tho' I came to confer a favor on his family, instead of soliciting one in my own person. Unfortunately the pedigree of the Kyrle family was at his seat at Clifton, but he promised to send it me the first time he went there.

CHURCH

In addition to the civilities conferred at *HOM HOUSE*, Mr. MONEY was pleased to gratify me with a sight of one of the greatest curiosities of the kind in the kingdom. This was a Pedigree of all the Kings of England, from

PREFACE.

CHURCH NOTES FOR MARCLE.

The Church of Marcle (or, as it is called, Much-Marcle) occupies a gentle eminence in the midst of some rich meadow ground, and is one of the finest, as well as most spacious, religious edifices in this part of the country.

It consists of two isles, besides the nave, which are divided by handsome pillars, and measures from E. to W. 50 yards.

On the N. side of the chancel, enclosed with iron rails, is a small chapel of the Kyrle family. Within is a superb altar monument, to perpetuate the memories of Sir John Kyrle,

from the time of Adam down to Richard the Third. It is executed on a roll of vellum, several yards in length, and about two feet wide. All the heads of the different sovereigns, as well as their issue, seem to have been taken from actual likenesses, if we might judge from the prints which are handed down to us; and what adds so much to its value is, the fairness of the hand, tho' very small, in which the historical parts are written, as well as its being in English. The time in which the several principal cities, such as London, &c. were first founded, is marked by a drawing of each place in the king's reign; and no doubt but that they are set down with accuracy. Every part of it, except about a foot, which has sustained an injury from the damp, is in the finest preservation; and to render its examination perfectly easy, it is placed on an oak board, about a yard and an half long, with rollers at each end, which let down and wind up, as you go over it. When I contemplated its extent, the variety of historical matter it embraced, the neatness of the illuminations, and the smallness of the hand in which it is written,—it appeared, to me, a task beyond the hope of human attainment.

It was executed in a Religious House, at Warwick, and from thence descended to the present owner. Mr. Money told me, he had refused the offer of three hundred guineas for it. In the language of virtu, I consider it (taken altogether) as UNIQUE—and above all value!

Barth.

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Bart. of Hom House, and his Lady. This family received the honour of a baronetage from His Majesty King Charles the First, in the year 1627, being the second year of his reign.

On a fine slab of black marble rest their effigies at full length, most beautifully executed in white marble, with tasselled cushions under their heads, and the addition of a canopy to that of the Lady's. At Sir John's feet is placed the family crest, a *hedgehog*; and round the base on which it stands, their motto, "*Nil moror ielus*,"—literally, *Delay not the stroke*,—but figuratively applied to the properties of the animal, as mentioned in the note at page 16. At the feet of the lady, out of a bason, issue erect the claws of a lion.

They are both superbly habited in the dress of the times in which they lived. Sir John, with his fine ruff and flowing beard—his scarf richly ornamented with fleurs de lis. His consort, in a full quill'd ruff, and other paraphernalia of that day.

At each end and side of the monument are the arms, as also those of his relatives, particularly the Scudamores [*gules, three stirrups with leathers, or*]; and round the exergue this

I N S C R I P T I O N :

- " Placide subtus consopiantur Johannes Kyrle,
" Baronetus hujus Herefordiæ Comitatus, iterum Vicecomes,
" et Sibylla uxor charissima,
" Irrupta hos ad annos 44or tenuit copula: nec malis
" Diuulsus querimoniis, supremo citius cesserat amor die."

P R E F A C E.

T R A N S L A T I O N :

“ Underneath sleep in peace Sir John Kyrle, Baronet, and Sheriff of the
“ County of Hereford; and his valued Wife, Siybl: they lived together
“ forty-four years in uninterrupted harmony,—or without misfortune.
“ His desire to preserve peace—or to prevent litigation—will cause his
“ memory to be for ever beloved and respected.”

The whole is as perfect and fresh, as on the day it was first laid down, except the nails on the hands, which might have been injured in bringing the monument to Marcle.

Against the North wall of the chancel, and near the reading desk:

A mural monument, free-stone painted to imitate marble, enclosing a blue flaty stone, with gilt moulding. On it is engraved a lady at prayer, a book and desk before her; with a scroll issuing from her mouth, and this sentence:

“ *Sol Christ. mihi solo † sal’.*”

[A kind of play upon Monkith words.] Christ is the Sun to me—my health is in the Sun.

Or,—Christ is my Sun and my Salvation.

Underneath is the following INSCRIPTION:

“ *Memoriæ sacru: non sine lachrymis structu, lectissimæ*
“ *dilectissimæq: Elizabethæ Stephani Boughton, regali in*
“ *æde pro decani fidelissimæ consorti Johan: Cyrill,*
“ *civitatis Herefordiæ senatoris filiæ hæredi: quæ cu: pie-*
“ *tatis poti: charitatis tolerantia et virtutii: omniu quam*
“ *vitæ cursu: per 46 annos diu multumq: valetudinariæ,*
“ *consecisset; magnu: sui desideriu suis relinquens tande:*
“ *paralisi sublata est die 19 mensis Junii, Ao. Di. 1623,*
“ *mortalis exuviae in spem futuræ resurrectionis hic infra*
“ *collocantur..*”

“ In

PREFACE.

" In memoria æterna erit justus : ab auditione mala
" non timebit." *Psalm. iii. 6.*

TRANSLATION.

" Sacred to the memory (but erected with many tears) of the valued and
" dearly-beloved Elizabeth Stephen Boughton, daughter and heiress to
" the 'ROYAL HOUSE' of the Dean, faithful consort of JOHN CYRILL,
" citizen of Hereford, and Member of Parliament. Possessing Religion
" and Charity, she spent a life of long and severe illness with wonderful
" patience and virtue, for forty-six years : At length she died of a palsy,
" the nineteenth day of June, 1623, resigning the care of her earthly
" part to her friends, which are placed here below, in the hope of a future
" resurrection."

" The just will live for ever : he will not be afraid of any evil report."
Psalm iii. 6.

 The above are the only Monuments in MARCLE
Church relative to the KYRLE family.

Underneath this monument, a little to the right hand.
A whole length recumbent female figure, in the dress of
a Religious, holding her beads. *They call her Lady Audley.*
Q. What Lady Audley?

In the *chancel* are some monuments of the Walwyn and
other families.

North isle of the Church.

In the middle. Two whole length recumbent figures,
(carved in stone) male and female ; hands in the attitude of
prayer, a cushion under the lady's head—at the man's,
part of a broken cannon ; a lion at his feet. *Very ancient, but*
quite perfect ; kind of conical hood over his head. No in-
scription. They call this a Lord Mortimer. Q. What Lord
Mortimer? If the Lord of Wigmore family?

Under

PREFACE.

Under the *South window*, opposite the Reading Desk.

A whole length recumbent figure (carved in wood), a cushion under his head, and a dog at his feet—hands in the attitude of prayer—and cross-legged. *Sir John Hellyn, of Hellyn*—now Mr. Walwyn.

Among the list of benefactors to the poor of Marcle, are the following names of the Kyrle family :

Mrs. Elizabeth Kyrle,	-	-	5 <i>l</i> .
Lady Kyrle,	-	-	5 <i>l</i> .

The

I cannot leave Marcle without mentioning the following circumstance.

At a time when the generality of persons of fortune were resorting to watering places, and other fashionable regions, the Young Ladies of Hom House, considering the neglected manner in which the children of the poor in country villages pass the Sabbath,—with a benevolence worthy the relatives of the KYRLE FAMILY, and without ANY OTHER monitor than the goodness of their own hearts, had invited all the children in the parish of MARCLE, who chose to attend, to form a SUNDAY SCHOOL. But what gives so much hope of the Institution being in the highest degree beneficial in its consequences is, that instead of intrusting the care of the Children to some helpless person from motives of charity, the Miss MONEYS act as GOVERNESSES IN THEIR OWN PERSON.

I thought myself particularly fortunate in having fixed upon this day for my visit, not only because it was the first time these blossoms of a future generation were assembled, but that it afforded me an opportunity of hearing one of the finest discourses, by the Rev. Mr. ROBERTS, the Rector of Marcle, ever delivered from the pulpit, who took his text from our Saviour's reproof of his disciples—"Suffer little children to come unto me;"—in which he enforced, with all the powers of reason and philosophy, the advantages resulting to a community from training the minds

of

PREFACE.

The Great Bell in Ross church was given to it by Sir John Kyrle, of Marcle; and bears this remembrance,

"I am the gift of Sir John Kyrle."

In the course of some years this Bell received an injury, and was re-casted, but care was taken to preserve the memory of the donor, which it still retains.

The Small Bell was obtained by a Subscription among the young men and women of Ross; and to mark the source from whence it was derived, it bears this legend,

"The Boys gave the Bell, and the Maids the Clapper:"
a benefaction towards which other females than those of Ross might have contributed, without their speech suffering any very material injury.

youth in the paths of our holy religion; and impressing them with the happiness flowing from a life in the practice of piety and virtue.

Any comment from me would lessen, rather than increase, the merits of this most polished sermon.

The Children meet two hours before Service, both morning and afternoon, in a neat room adjoining the chancel, and are conducted to Church by their Patrons, who spend the whole of the time, devoted to instruction, in hearing them read, and in other suitable attentions.

~~~~~  
MR. SCOTT'S



## Mr. SCOTT's Charity.

ROSS.

MR. WALTER SCOTT, the son of John Scott a joiner by trade, was a native of the town of Ross, but went to *London* at the age of 13 or thereabouts, where by his trade as a *Plasterer* he acquired a very handsome fortune.

Curiosity, towards the close of his life, prompted him to visit the place of his birth, which he had never yet seen from the time he first left it. When there, he directed his enquiry to the state of a Blue Coat School in the town, at which, when a boy, he received all his acquirements, under a master whose name was John Blunt. The situation of this Charity was the reverse of what he wished; but with the liberality of a generous mind that remembered the obligations it owed the institution, declared, *there should be a better Blue School in Ross than ever yet had been.* This assertion was made to my informant in the presence of Mr. Newman whom I have before noticed,—but he did not express the extent of his intentions.

He kept his promise, in a pecuniary point of view; for at his death, which happened the 4th of December 1786, when his Will was made public, it was found he had bequeathed the interest of *six thousand pounds*, chargable on his estate

## PREFACE.

estate for ever, for the endowing, cloathing, and educating, thirty boys and twenty girls.

Possessing, as I do, many kind and valuable friends in Ross, it is not for me to decide on the causes which at present suspend the Founder's intentions from being carried to their full extent:—Like all other friends to the institution, I can only wish that time may soften subsisting asperities; and that generations to come will "*lispe the name of* SCOTT," with an equal gratitude as before of KYRLE.

A handsome school house has been erected; and on the day it was began, a public procession of the inhabitants was made through the town, preceded by a band of music, to honour the laying of the first stone; and for its prosperity all hearts seemed to join in one general joy. Pity it is that an object, which promised such public good at its birth, should in its progress be clouded by the beams of dissention.

At the West end on the North side of the churchyard, is a plain stone monument, crowned with an urn, and enclosed with iron rails, to perpetuate his memory, which bears the following INSCRIPTION:

To the Memory of  
MR. WALTER SCOTT,  
Citizen and Plaisterer,  
of London, the Principal  
Benefactor to the  
Charity School of this  
Parish. He died Dec. 4th,  
1786, aged 70.

Go and do thou likewise.

Great

## PREFACE.

*Great events are often produced from trifling causes,—and in none do they shine more conspicuous than in the following :*

Mr. *Walter Scott*, like many other boys, had taken some pears from a garden, without thinking it a crime in so doing. Being seen eating of them in the town, by a man who gueſs'd from whence they came, was told by him, *that he would be hanged* if found out. Not wiſhing to be *troubled with a line*, he inſtantly left ROSS and went to LONDON; where, by honeſt and well-directed application, he acquired a handſome fortune, which enabled him to endow the Charity that bears his name.

Similar was the cauſe, and the effect it produced, with regard to Mr. *Jones*, the Founder of MONMOUTH charity.

He was a native of *New-Land* in Glouceſterſhire,—and came a pot-boy to an Inn, at Monmouth, which place he left ſoon after for a trifling miſdememeanor, and went to London. Here he ſoon got hired, in a low capacity, to a merchant; but in a courſe of years, when his maſter declined trade, he ſucceeded to the buſineſs—became himſelf a *Hamburgh* merchant, and acquired a very large fortune. At the latter part of his life he paid a viſit to *New-Land*, in the diſguiſe of a *pauper*, and ſolicited relief from the pariſh. This was denied him,—and bid to go to *Monmouth*. He went accordingly, and received the aſſiſtance he requeſted. In conſequence of this kindneſs, he founded and endowed a Free-ſchool, Lectureſhip, and Alms-houſes, which will long remain the monuments of his benevolence, and regard for the intereſts of ſociety.





PREFACE.



CHURCH NOTES  
FOR  
*GOODRICH.*

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**G**OODRICH Church is situated nearly on the brow of an eminence; and, when viewed from any of the surrounding heights, its light and tasty spire rising from among some fine trees, gives the whole an elegant and picturesque appearance.

The CASTLE being an ancient Barony, the stranger will naturally expect to meet with some rich monumental remains, but in this he will be disappointed.

The Church consists of one isle on the N. side, besides the nave; and the whole being neatly and uniformly pewed, as also its walls and roof very clean with white-wash, presents to the mind a decorous attention in those intrusted with its care, in the highest degree laudable and worthy of imitation.

The body of the Church was formerly divided from the Chancel, by a wainscoat partition; on the pannels of which were painted a variety of animals and other figures, and the posts very curiously carved: but this was taken down when the Church was new pewed.

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The chancels are distinguished by the names of the *Parish* and the *Bishop's* chancels: in the former is placed the Communion Table. The Bishop of Hereford enjoying the Great Tythes of this living, he keeps the other side in repair at his own charge. The fine painted glass, which once ornamented these windows, is nearly destroyed, and all the armorial bearings which remain are in the left window; the one represents the TALBOT family [gules, a lion rampant, with a border ingrailed, or]; to whom the other belongs I cannot ascertain, unless to the Vaughan's, who lie interred underneath.

As you stand to view this window, those on the right hand belong (as I think) to the latter; the former, on the left, are very easily understood, though quartered with another family.

At the Communion rails is an altar tomb, but without inscription. Supposed the sepulture of some proprietor or resident at the Castle, but it is mere conjecture: probably the Gothic arches represented on the S. side of it, might give birth to an idea of its antiquity. The pavement around being quite loose and in holes, within the rails it has been relaid; but the Rev. Mr. Williams has taken care to preserve the inscriptions to the memory of those who lie underneath.

Against the N. wall of the church is a very handsome monument to the memory of Mr. George White, of New-Wear, formerly proprietor of the Iron-works, now carried on at that place by William Partridge, Esq. of Goodrich, whose

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whose house adjoins the West end of this church-yard.  
It bears the following INSCRIPTION :

To the Memory of  
MR. GEORGE WHITE,  
late of *New-Wear*, in the County of *Hereford*,  
who died the 17th of May, 1765.

Also of his Sister,  
MRS. MARY WHITE,  
who died the 23d of December, 1763.  
This Monument was erected by his only Daughter,  
*Elizabeth*, Wife of *John Osborne*,  
of *Wotton-underedge*, in the County of *Glocester*, Esq.

✠ The above is the only mural monument in the church.

Under the E. windows, on the outside, lie the *Dangerfield* family, formerly Vicars of this parish; also of *R. Bethell*, Esq. of *Hereford*, relatives of Mrs. Williams, whose husband, the Rev. Henry Williams, is the present Vicar.

Before the South entrance, are a range of flat stones, for the ancestors of Mr. Thomas Weare, of Giddis,—at whose board the Writer has shared its hospitalities.

At the E. end of the churchyard is a curious stone seat, 6 feet long by 4 feet high, with arms at each end; erected probably with the view of social pleasure in the summer season; round which are standing some fine elm trees; and on the front of it is engraved,

“ *Ex Dono*  
“ T. L. [*or* T. J.]  
“ 1719.”

The



## PREFACE.

The Clerk believes it to be the initials of *Thomas Jones*, who at that time possessed the living.

But what particularly marks *GOODRICH*, next to its fine *Castle*, is, that it was the birth-place and residence of the ancestors of *Swift*, the celebrated *Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin*.

To many of my readers this no doubt is well known:—but as others may not be so well acquainted with it, I shall here insert it for their information; as I consider it connected with my subject.



## ANECDOTES

OF THE

## SWIFT FAMILY.



THE family of the *SWIFTS* was ancient in *Yorkshire*. From them descended a noted person, *Bernam Swift, Esq.* otherwise called *Cavaliero Swift*, a gentleman of great wit and humour, who, in the reign of *King James I.* possessed the paternal estate, and was, the 20th of March 1627, by *King Charles I.* created a peer of *Ireland*, by the title of *Ld. Viscount Carlingford*, tho' it is said he never went into that Kingdom. He died without male issue; and the family inheritance descended to the daughters; one of whom married *Robert Fielding*, commonly called *handsome FIELDING*, and the other

## PREFACE.

other the Earl of Eglinton. Fielding soon dissipated his wife's patrimony; and that of her sister being transferred to the family of Lord Eglinton, the principal estate of the Swifts was divided from the name for ever.

One of the younger branches from the same stem, was Sir Edward Swift, who distinguished himself by his attachment to the royal cause, in the war between King Charles I. and his parliament, from whom there is no descendent of the name.

Another of the younger branches, was the Rev. Mr. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, Herefordshire, with which he also held another ecclesiastical living.

His father William Swift, rector of St Andrew's in Canterbury, married the heiress of Philpot; who contrived to keep her estate, which was very considerable, in her own hands. She is said to have been extremely capricious and ill-natured, and to have disinherited her son Thomas, an only child, merely for robbing an orchard when he was a boy. But however this be, it is certain, that except a church or chapter lease, which was not renewed, Thomas never possessed more than 100 l. a-year.

This little estate, which lay at Goodrich, in Herefordshire, he mortgaged for 300 broad pieces; and having quilted them into his waistcoat, he set out for Ragland castle, whither King Charles I. had retired after the battle of Naseby, in 1645. The governor, who well knew him, asked what was his errand? "I am come," said Swift, "to give his Majesty my coat;" at the same pulling it off, and presenting it.

## P R E F A C E.

it. The governor told him pleasantly, that his coat was worth little, "Why then," said Swift, "take my waistcoat." This was soon found to be an useful garment by its weight; and it is remarked by Lord Clarendon, that the King received no supply more seasonable or acceptable than these 300 broad pieces during the whole war, his distress being then very great, and his resources cut off. The zeal and activity of this gentleman for the royal cause, exposed him to much danger, and many sufferings. He was plundered more than thirty times by the parliament's army, and was ejected from his church-livings; his estate was sequestered, and he was himself thrown into prison. His estate, however, was afterwards recovered, and part of it sold to pay the money on the mortgage, and some other debts; the remainder, being about one half, descended to his heir, and was possessed by his great-grandson, Deane Swift, Esq.

Mr. Thomas Swift died in the year 1658, and in the 63d year of his age. His body lies under the altar at Goodrich, with a short inscription.\* He died about two years before the return of K. Charles II. who, by the recommendation of some prelates, had promised, if ever God should restore

\* As I before noticed, the Rev. Mr. Williams took care to preserve the Inscriptions on the stones which had fallen to decay within the Communion rails in Goodrich Church. To his kindness I am indebted for the following, to the memory of Thomas Swift, above mentioned.

Here lyeth the Body of  
MR. THOMAS SWIFT,  
Who died the Second Day of June 1658,  
Aged 62 Years and Tenne Moneths,  
Who was VICAR of GOODRIDGE 34 Years.

him,



## PREFACE.

him, that he would promote Mr. Swift in the church, and otherwise reward his family, for his extraordinary services and zeal, and persecutions in the royal cause; but Mr. Swift's merit died with himself.

The following Anecdote of him is also handed down:— Being informed that three hundred horse, of the rebel-party, intended in a week to pass over a certain river, upon an attempt against the Cavaliers, Mr. Swift having a head mechanically turned, he contrived certain peices of iron with three spikes, whereof one must always be with the point upwards. He placed them over night in the ford, where he received notice that the rebels would pass early the next morning; which they accordingly did, and lost two hundred of their men, who were drowned, or trode to death by the falling of their horses, or torn by the spikes.

His preferments, at least that of Goodrich, were given to a fanatical saint,\* who scrupled not to conform upon the Restoration; and lived many years, I think till after the Revolution.

He left ten sons and three or four daughters, most of which lived to be men and women. Four of his sons set in Ireland (being driven thither by their sufferings, and by the death of their father), related many other particulars, which they learned either from their father himself, or from what had been told them by the most credible persons of Herefordshire, and some neighbouring counties.

\* GYLES RAWLINS succeeded him in the parish of GOODRICH: but the other here mentioned, succeeded RAWLINS some time before October 1657—His name was WILLIAM TRINGHAM.

He

## PREFACE.

He built (continues the narrator) a House on his own land, in the parish of Goodrich, which, by the architecture, denotes the builder to have been somewhat whimsical and singular, and very much towards a projector. The house is above a hundred years old, and still in good repair, inhabited by a tenant of the female line; but the landlord, a young gentleman, lives upon his own estate in Ireland.

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OF

## "MASTER" SWIFT'S HOUSE,

GOODRICH.

BY C. HEATH.

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THE House above mentioned, is situated about a quarter of a mile from the turnpike road leading from Goodrich to Ross. It is called the New House, and is occupied by a farmer of the name of EVANS, whose ancestors in the male line married into the Swift family.

Interested by the NARRATIVE inserted in this work, as well as the fame of the family, — I viewed it a few weeks ago. For what reason Mr. T. Swift, the builder of it, should be stiled a projector does not appear, not having any thing singular in its form to merit notice at this day.

The situation is extremely pleasant, in a very fertile part of the parish, and when in repair formed a desirable residence

## PREFACE.

dence for a private gentleman of easy fortune. The house is a dark-coloured stone edifice, to which adjoins a garden laid out in the fashion of the day, and walled round. At one corner is a handsome summer house, where a clergyman might compose his sermons, or *enjoy the soft blandishments of converse sweet* with his friends, as study or sociability influenced the mind. You enter the mansion through a lofty porch, supported by stone pillars, on the front of one of which are carved the initials of Thomas Swift, and on the other the date of the year the building was erected, viz. 1636. Mr. Evans very obligingly conducted us over it, tho' the interior presented nothing to the eye of curiosity, in the articles of ancient furniture or paintings.

*But he introduced us to his Mother*,—a venerable matron, at the advanced age of *eighty-seven*, in good health, except the infirmity of lameness, with whom I had some discourse. She told me, her maiden name was *Vaughan*, and that her grandfather (of the same name) married a daughter of Mr. T. Swift, *who built the house*. Also, that Deane Swift, Esq. of Worcester, died here, and was buried at Goodrich, as was likewise his wife, both of whom she knew *perfectly well*.

The grandmother of this gentleman [Deane Swift, Esq.] one of the wives of Godwin Swift, was heiress to Admiral DEANE, one of the Regicides; whence *Deane* became a Christian name in the family.

Theoph. Swift, Esq. the present surviving descendant, lived here about 12 months, before he settled in Worcester, in the year 1760.



## PREFACE.

He is a gentleman of talents and learning,—several of his pieces are before the public. He now resides in Dublin, and practices, as a Counsellor, at the Irish Bar.

He rendered himself conspicuous by his Affair of Honor with Colonel Lenox, nephew to the Duke of Richmond; as also by his Defence of Renwick Williams,—a few years ago.



THE reflecting mind, in contemplating the persecutions of Mr. Thomas Swift, for his zeal in the cause of his King, to which he was bound by his oath, as a clergyman, to adhere, must render his family the involuntary sigh of compassion for his sufferings, more especially when we consider, that it resulted from a dignified and disinterested attachment, from which, if we allow the distress of his Majesty after the battle of Naseby, and subsequent flight to Ragland Castle for refuge, he had little prospect of future remuneration. For a country minister, who had to support a wife and ten children on less than 200*l.* a year, to detach from his income so large a sum as 75*l.* [taking his broad pieces for crowns only] does honor to the heart from whence it flowed. And if any thing could render the gift more acceptable, it must have been the unaffected simplicity with which it was delivered. The sum indeed was not large for a single sacrifice,—but it should be remembered, that he had been laid under contribution very frequently and severely by the opposite party.

My

## P R E F A C E.

My esteem for the name of KYRLE, induces me to draw aside the attention of my reader from recollecting the transaction I have inserted. In the paroxysm of political or religious frenzy, we forget the tender feelings which *advance us in the scale of thinking beings*; and often in causes in which we have little interest, we snatch from Providence, and administer, the dispensations which to HIM, AND HIM ALONE, BELONG. More wisely should we act, and more happy would be the result, if we impressed on our minds the just observation of Mr. POPE,

“ For modes of FAITH, let senseless zealots fight :—

And,—

“ For forms of GOVERNMENT, let fools contest :

For if we stood in need of any thing to confirm the wisdom of the Poet's remark, we cannot meet with a stronger proof than in the case of the family which is now before us.

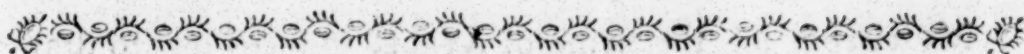


The present VICARAGE HOUSE of Goodrich, is situated on the **S**outh side of the churchyard, to which its walls adjoin. The roof was formerly of thatch, but succeeding Vicars have given to it a more respectable appearance. Against the front of the principal entrance, are the arms and initials of the builder, as also the date of the year in which it was erected,—R. L. 1719.

✻ To the Rev. Mr. WILLIAMS I am much indebted, for his kind intentions of assistance. Having delivered his papers into the hands of a person who had made a prior application, I am deprived of that Information which would otherwise have been conferred upon me. I do not profess to give a minute history of the Parish: but the leading features of its annals, the Reader will find have not been disregarded.

GOODRICH

## PREFACE.



# GOODRICH CASTLE.

TO the sensible historical and descriptive Accounts of this place, by Mr. GROSE and Mr. GILPIN, I have little interesting to offer.\*

The

\* If the salubrity of a country may be estimated by the longevity of its inhabitants, this part of the kingdom must be eminently favourable, from the number of very old people I meet with, enjoying great mental and bodily vigour. There is now living in a cottage at NEWMEAN-HILL, between Whitchurch and Goodrich, a man of the name of CHRISTOPHER LLEWELLYN,\* AT THE ADVANCED AGE OF NINETY-THREE, and in good HEALTH and SPIRITS when I saw him,—a native of the former place, whose life has been passed in navigating the barges which traded between Ross and Bristol, who accompanied, on foot, me and my friend Mr. Coley, from his dwelling to Goodrich Castle and back, a distance of near three mile, at almost an equal pace, on MONDAY the 20th of June last. As he went to school in the Village, and had never been absent from it but a few days at a time, I thought I should meet with a prize in his intelligence. We walked over the whole of the building; but instead of any particular remark, all the information I obtained was (tho' not from defect of memory), That the inside of the rooms were all neatly white-washed when he was a boy, which time since has totally defaced. None of the roofs or floors of the rooms were in existence at his day, any more than at the present. To be brief, I offer this conclusion:

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\* From the Parish Register of WHITCHURCH.—CHRISTOPHER, son of GODFREY and MARY, LLEWELLYN, was baptized at WHITCHURCH, May the 7th, 1704.

That



## P R E F A C E.

The Castle of Goodrich is situated in the parish from whence it is named; and hundred of Wormlow; and is distant about a mile from the turnpike road leading from Monmouth to Ross, to the northward of the Church, which I take for a central object.

The

That as the Castle of Goodrich was ordered by Government to be demolished, it was reduced to the absolute state its ruinous form presents, by the persons who executed that mandate; and all the difference between its then and present appearance, lies in the freshness of the walls within, not having suffered much injury from the weather. Many of the parts were also much choaked with rubbish and stones, which had fallen in a course of years; but to discriminate any circumstance of moment, except the following, was not within his power:

We are told in the history of the Castle, "That Richard Talbot obtained, in the 22d of Edward III. the royal licence for erecting therein " A PRISON FOR MALEFACTORS." This place is now in existence; still retains the name of **THE GAOL**; is tenanted by a person of the name of Judith Sanders; is situated on a point adjoining the road leading to the Ferry-boat; and may be known by the door being filled with large headed nails. It is a small square stone building, but proportioned to purposes for which it was erected, not being intended as a place of confinement for soldiers taken by the fortune of war, but only for offenders committing trespass within the Lord's Manor.

The power of the Barons in their Courts extended to criminal as well as civil cases—in fact it was lodged with them for the purpose of dispensing justice without trouble or expence to their neighbourhood. The Lord's STEWARD presiding as JUDGE of the COURT.

Of this princely prerogative, the nobles who enjoyed it seem to have entertained a high value for its importance: for we are informed, in the Charter of William Earl of Pembroke and Earl Marshal to the Abbot and Monks of Tintern Abbey, that tho' he conveys to them his estate [in the neighbourhood of Chepstow], he reserves that power [the trying and pardoning offenders] to his successors.

These

## PREFACE.

The approach is thro' two fields, which form part of the farm belonging to Mr. James Bellamy; and as the land is generally under cultivation, its rich produce increases the luxuriance of the scenery from this aspect of the Castle.

On

These Courts they kept in the same manner as the Assizes are now held throughout the kingdom; of which they were dispossessed in the reign of King Charles II.—But to proceed:

From this GAOL, offenders were taken to be tried at a place called

### THE COURT HOUSE,

situated a short distance from the former place, in the road between it and the Cross Keys. The whole building forms half an angle: one part being used as a barn—the other, the SESSIONS HOUSE, is occupied as a grainary by Mr. ROBERTS, of CREWS, in this parish. In the early part of his life there remained against the inside wall (what he calls) the figure of a RED DOG; but this is not the crest of the Talbot family, tho' it might allude to the title. At the present day there exists, below the chimney, fronting the road, the figure of a dog carved on a large stone; but whether it was placed there when the building was erected—or carved on it as a sign for the Public House, which was kept below,—is at that this day unknown.

He further says,—That those criminals, whose lives were forfeited to the laws of their country, were conveyed to a field at the top of NEW-MEANHILL, called HANGMAN'S ACRE, where they bowed their heads to the portal of Eternity. The name of the field is now forgotten, but is situated at the end of a short lane, which communicates with the turnpike road at this place.

His brother, THOMAS LEWELLYN, lived to the age of 100 years, and resided in the parish of Whitchurch all his life. He left it recorded, that the last person who suffered Death, by the laws of this Court, was for the crime of sheep-stealing: but traditions of this kind should always be received with caution; because at that time the offence was not a capital crime.

To

## PREFACE.

On entering the First Court, its appearance, has little interesting for the Pencil, but the VIEW from its edge is in the highest degree enchanting. The WYE flows at its feet; and you command a country equal in fertility to any part of the kingdom. The Church and Spire of Ross finely harmonize—nor should the Church of WALFORD be overlooked—in the picture.

The

To confirm (if it was necessary) the truth of CHRISTOPHER's age, he related the following circumstance:—When employed on the river, he brought up from Bristol a large quantity of WICH ELMS, for Captain Swain, the proprietor of Goodrich Priory estate, which were planted so as to form an avenue from the Priory House to the edge of the Wye. These he has lived to see grow to fine timber, and sold for a valuable consideration. I asked Mr. Thomas Weare, of Giddis, who was employed in the valuation previous to their being fell, of what growth he thought them, who told me, not under 60 years at least, for they were of a fine size. As he said he was 30 when they were planted—that they grew 60—and have been felled 3 years—the time accords with the Register.

Nearly facing his cottage, in a field on the opposite bank of the river, is a large upright STONE, called THE QUEEN STONE; but tradition has not preserved any legend when or by whom it was placed there; nor whether it remains a monument of military or sepulchral fame. It is said that Mr. Dew, the late occupier of Huntsham, put his team to draw it up; but as he did not first remove the earth from around it, his strength proved ineffectual for that purpose. Were the field my property, I would solicit the powerful aid of Mr. Powles's team (the present tenant), and reduce to a certainty the knowledge of what lay below.

I called again upon Christopher, on Sunday the 4th of September. It was the Parish Feast-day. In consequence of which, he had got his beard new reaped—his wig handsomely dressed by the village tonsor—and had culled from his wardrobe a blue coat, good as NEW, of the fashion of my father's



## PREFACE.

The eye accustomed to the country round London, must enjoy a pleasurable relief, in contemplating the sublime terminations to many points of this view : The noble wood to the eastward, rising to an amazing height, and cloathed to its very summit,—is strikingly contrasted by the Coppet hill to the S. E. which presents a bold surface of huge rocks, in fantastic shapes and forms ; and give a peculiar variety to the surrounding objects.

But it is in looking to the Castle, that we enjoy the fullness of its beauty. From a stand on the Ross road in the neighbourhood of PENCREEK, all the objects before noticed combine with the principal feature (the Castle), and form a landscape rich beyond the power of my abilities to paint. Grand woody and rocky eminencies—a valley richly diversified with pasturage and corn fields, thro' which the WYE winds its mazy course,—delight the mind in a sensible manner, as it surveys the scenery before it.

In England we want those fine skies which add such a lustre to the works of the Italian school ; the beautiful remains of Grecian, may be overlooked, for the moment, in the vestiges of Gothic architecture, which time has handed down to us ; and but for the former defect, the view in question would

father's days (suppose only worn on very extraordinary occasions—such as the present) and to crown his respectability, put on a cock'd hat in a smart military taste: the tout ensemble rendering him a complete BEAU OF THE LAST AGE. To spend the hours of devotion in a proper manner, he WALKED to GOODRICH Church in the afternoon, where the inhabitants were gratified with the “ concord of sweet sounds,” of some HARMONISTS from the FOREST OF DEAN.

## P R E F A C E.

would attract the pencil of a Gaspar, or even a Nicolo, Pouffin.

When time shall have further added the ornament of ivy (now daily increasing), to some parts of the exterior, so as to cover the harsh feature of the stone, which is of a dingy red, it will greatly contribute to its beauty.

Mr. GROSE having minutely examined the interior parts, and Mr. GILPIN having also added his valuable remarks,—the Reader is referred to their Descriptions, for further Information.

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IN the transactions of the siege of this place, the conduct of COLONEL BIRCH, who commanded the Parliament army employed in the reduction of Goodrich Castle, is placed in a very humane point of view; tho' Mr. Grose notices that he battered that part called the LADY'S TOWER. Tradition reports, that being informed the garrison drew its supply of WATER from a neighbouring field, he cut off the resource; which produced its surrender without the aid of military violence.

The SPRING thus noticed is situated in some high ground to the West of the Castle, in the estate of Mr. T. Weare, of Giddis. We cannot for a fact deny the assertion, but it is not very probable it was yielded up by such means. In mentioning the circumstance to the proprietor of the estate, when at his house, he offered to accompany me to the spot, but he said it was then dried up, *and only flowed in a wet season,*

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*season, when other springs were opened by the same cause. He thinks, and properly, that a place of such importance as the Castle, would have depended on much a safer conduit for the supply of so valuable a necessary and comfort in life.*

Rabbits have also formed their burrows around it,—whose quiet haunts that *chouan*, the ferret, often invades, at the expence of the life of the peaceful possessor.

Sanderfon relates the following Anecdote :—which has not been collected in the remarks on this place :—“ Colonel Broughton, out of Gloucester, undertakes to garrison Godridge Castle, where he roused with great undertakings, skirmishes and reprisals, as all the other garrisons usually did, one from the other successfully. Some Hereford forces hearing of it, drew out a small party, summoned him, stormed and took him and his prisoners, and carried them all, above one hundred, to Hereford, *nimbly done without any noise.*”

Whatever outworks belonged to the Castle cannot now be traced ; and the park, if ever there was one, is converted into a farm, and occupied by Mr. James Bellamy.

The Traveller who visits this place by *water*, will meet with a clean room, and frugal fare, at Mr. DAVIS's, of the Ferry-house,\* which is situated close to the edge of the river.

\* For the convenience of WALFORD, and other villages, on the opposite side of the WYE, a HORSE FERRY keeps open the communication with their neighbours on this side of it. While enjoying the pleasures of a retired hour at this spot, my mind has been diverted by the COURAGE—



## PREFACE.

The direct approach to the Castle from this aspect is very unpleasant for well-dressed women, being in part thro' fields of high grass in the season, and of steep ascent; but by taking a circuit of half a mile, a common path conducts you to it, and without inconvenience.

Equal accommodations, at the CROSS KEYS, at *Goodrich*, will those Ladies and Gentlemen meet with, who travel in a carriage, during their short visit. From a stand a little on the Monmouth road, you have a partial view of *Goldwell Rocks*, but sufficient to form an idea of their romantic beauty.

I shall conclude these observations, with some POETRY, which, having local reference, I deem worth insertion. It is copied from Mr. Walker's *Hereford Journal*, in which I first read it :

I will not say ECONOMY—of some passengers. The river is often fordable in the summer months,—but it is wide, and rapid on the landing side; and in these DRY times up to the SADDLE-CLOTH. Regardless of danger, in they ride, and when they reach the middle of its course, are obliged to secure their legs and the skirts of the coat from immersion. Should the horse, by the accident of the loose stones, make a false step, the rider's life would, in all probability, fall a sacrifice; for the strength of the stream is too violent to oppose—and if he had the advantage of swimming well, he would be carried to a considerable distance before he could gain a landing. For this risk, he saves the sum of—TWO PENCE! Tho' a friend to Economy, I must confess I should not like to take a lesson in this School. It is a very pleasant walk from Ross to this place, thro' a finely cultivated country, about the distance of three miles.—The Castle is a charming object in this point of view.

LINES

PREFACE.

LINES,

ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF A HIGHLY-FINISHED DRAWING OF

GOODRICH CASTLE;

TAKEN AT SUNSET BY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN:

*The Author never having seen it but in a dark and cloudy Day.*



“ Le patri supreme

“ Erano avvolte d'una nebbia oscura.” PETR.

IN pride of strength, erst, GOODRICH! hast thou stood,  
Frowning indignant on Wye's vagrant flood:  
Thine high embattled Towers oft kenn'd afar  
Full many a scene of desolating war,  
Brav'd the dread force of Nature's secret store,  
The forked lightning, and the thunder's roar.

Such were man's boasted works! but time alone  
Hath rent the iron's grasp, and solid stone;  
Where the shrill clarion sounded war's alarms,  
And call'd the British heroes to their arms,  
In antique horror nods the ivy'd tower,  
And dreads the slightest atmospheric power.  
Thy once-impervious mass, a ruin made,  
Casts on the stream below a chequer'd shade.

But brighter prospects fascinate the eye,  
Relieve the pensive mind, and check the sigh.  
Lo! beautiful HARRIET'S CLAUDE-like pencil throws  
Eve's blushing tints around thy dead repose:  
Transmits thy ruin'd scenery to Fame,  
And wrests from dark oblivion thy name.  
Translated thus amongst her sacred store,  
† 'Thou'lt live 'till vengeful time shall be no more.

“ Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,

“ Nec potuerit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.” VIRG.

GOODRICH

## PREFACE.

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# GOODRICH PRIORY.

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BELOW the CASTLE, and on the same side of the river, stand the remains of Goodrich *Priory*. It was a Monastery of the Order of Canons Regular of St. Augustin.

Though its name seems lost at this day, I find it called FLANESFORD, in the *Monasticon*. The time of its foundation is thus recorded :

“ The letters patent of the 20th year of Edward IV. [1347] set forth, that RICHARD TALBOT founded and “ endowed this monastery, with licence of the said King.”

The situation corresponds with monastic choice :—a fertile valley, watered by a navigable river or copious stream ; but of difficult access from the surrounding country. Time has partially, not wholly, removed the inconvenience ; for bye lanes which lead to it remain in the state they were first formed.

Being converted into barns and stables, the buildings have nothing to attract attention but the remembrance of former purposes to which they were devoted. A good house has since been added, which is tenanted by Mr. Bellamy, who occupies the farm which surrounds it and the Castle.

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PREFACE.



COURT FIELD:

THE NURSERY OF  
KING HENRY V.

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PROCEEDING in our voyage down the river, the next subject which engages attention is COURT FIELD, the seat of the late William Vaughan, Esq. of Monmouth; but since his death it is become the property of his son, a minor.

The place is rendered distinguishable from the circumstance of having been *the Nursery* of PRINCE, afterwards KING, HENRY the FIFTH. We are told by the learned Author of the *History of Monmouthshire*, that being when young of a *weak and sickly habit*, he was placed here under the care of the *Countess of Salisbury*.\*

The parish of BICKNOR, in which it is situated, forms a part of the county of MONMOUTH, tho' *surrounded by Herefordshire*. COURT FIELD was originally called GREY FIELD, but changed its *vulgar* name to that it is now known by, from the circumstance of the *Royal Infant* being nurtured here.

\* The Lady mentioned in the above History is styled the COUNTESS of SUNDERLAND,—but, with deference to the Author, she is MISNAMED—that title not being created till the time of JAMES I. The Tourist and the Antiquarian holding no esteem in his mind, it would be folly in their friend the Herald to expect a superior regard.

It

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It occupies a commanding eminence on the right bank of the river (but the approach is of easy access)—falling down in a fine slope to the water edge. You enter the house thro' a short paved court, walled on each side, and fronted with iron gates of considerable height, the ground floor of which has nothing interesting, and the remark will apply to the whole of the *interior*. In the rooms below are some portraits (particularly in the best parlour), of Mr. Vaughan's family, and of Mr. Jones's, of Lanarth, in this county. Some *heads* of characters, now forgotten, hang in other rooms, but not of moment for the painter's skill.

### THE BEST BED-ROOM

Contains a painting of the *Manifestation*,\* in which the countenance of *Simeon* is finely touched, but the figures of the Virgin and Saviour are less happy, and not so well drawn. A flight of stairs conduct you to

### THE CHAPEL,

In the passage to which are whole length figures of two *dead* Religious, which have some merit, tho' unpleasant subjects to look at. The Chapel is neatly fitted up, and liberally appropriated to the use of the neighbouring Catholics who chuse to attend when Service is performed in it.

### THE GARDEN,

Though of the fashion of former years, and running into disorder, has claim to attention, for its beautiful situation, and remains of ancient grandeur. It is divided by,

\* The PRAYER used in the Afternoon Service of our Church (taken from the Gospel of St. Luke) is the subject to which it alludes—" Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace! &c."

and

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and intersected with, fine stone terraces,—shaded with yew hedges now in luxuriant wildness, the growth of ages past; but I suppose when attended to, were cut into showy peacocks with spreading trains, and other fanciful ornaments of that day. Flights of steps, tiresome from their number, conduct us to the upper and lower parts of it; but the former is a mere wilderness. On the South side is a beautiful terrace, looking down to the Wye, and over the works at Lidbrook, but the view is more pleasing than extensive.

On the North side of the house, and on an eminence in the park, stands a high parapet wall, with gothic shaped arches, which, when viewed from the river, has the appearance of a ruin. The effect was, till within these few years, considerably increased, by some lofty walnut trees which grew about it,—but that kind of wood being valuable, the axe has deprived them of their honours. A small room adjoins behind, called the *Hermit's Cell*, in which was placed the figure of an old man, with a flowing beard, kneeling, his hands in the attitude of prayer; but it has been removed from hence into the house, where it remains.

The house is now divided. That part occupied by Mr. Vaughan's family, an elderly domestic has the charge of: The other, with the out-buildings, is inhabited by Mr. Jackson, a respectable farmer, who rents the estate.

Before I visited this place, I had filled my mind with ideas of its magnificence, similar to romance. Of entering by a deep stone gateway, over which was placed the arms of

\* The steps alone in the garden are sufficient to build a handsome mansion house.

England



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England, with rude supporters---extensive passages and lofty halls,---and conducted by wide and extensive oak stairs, to bed-rooms hung with ancient tapestry, whose figures represented subjects from Holy Writ: but if in this (as well as in other occurrences of life) I kept in mind the Poet's beatitude---*Blessed is he that expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed*---I should not have been surprised on my arrival. For instead of the images my fancy had created, I found a neat, desirable mansion, which the property of the heir would easily improve to the comforts of modern life. All that is objectionable is the want of a good carriage road to it, which it would be difficult to form.

I suppose Mr. Vaughan's father or grandfather took down the ancient wainscoat of the rooms, and gave them their modern dress,---deal and white paint not being used for that purpose in Henry's time.

The kind attentions of the Rev. Mr. MOORFIELD, Minister of *Welch Bicknor*, who resides at *Court Field*, have enabled me to be more particular on the subject, by shewing me every part of the premises which could add to my information, or gratify my curiosity. Nor can I forget the civilities of Mr. JACKSON and family, to whom before I was known only by name.

### THE COPPET HILL,

Which leads to this place, from Goodrich, would afford the traveller a most extensive and beautiful view of the river and country, tho' attaining its summit would be a task of some labour.

PREFACE.

WELCH BICKNOR CHURCH.

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THE parish Church of Welch Bicknor lies in a valley below Court Field, on the same bank of the river Wye, in which are interred the remains of the VAUGHAN family; whose memories some flat stones, and a mural monument perpetuate.

But for the antiquarian it has something more,—the effigy of the *Countess of Salisbury*, the reputed Nurse to King Henry V. who is said to have been buried here.

It is placed to front the reading-desk in the body of the Church. She is represented by a whole length recumbent figure, carved on a stone of a dirty colour; but the abilities of the artist intitle him to credit, for the free and loose manner in which he has executed the drapery. The head is ornamented with a dress of early date, and in each arm is infolded an infant, lying close to the side of her face. The left arm is broken off above and below the elbow, yet the hand remains, in which she holds a cross, suspended from the neck, and with the right hand her flowing robes. The figure is also broken at the knees. It certainly is of ancient date; but as there is no inscription, nor character, on which any conjecture can be offered, I have only traditional authority for asserting that it represents the Countess of Salisbury.

I will take some pains to investigate the truth of it, by asking information of those, whose talents can throw a light on my enquiries.

~~~~~

THA

PREFACE.

THE ROCKS AT COLDWELL

Come next into view,—but as Mr. Shaw and Mr. Gilpin here unite their talents, remarks from me, on the beauty they add to the scenery of the Wye, would be superfluous.

The Council on the Oxford circuit (of which Monmouth forms a part), when they come from Gloucester, generally make the Excursion from Ross to Monmouth by water. To record the memories of eminent Lawyers, they have distinguished each protuberance by some name, such as Dunning, Erskine, Plomer, &c. whose abilities have, and continue to rank them, high in public favour.

The corrections of men of talents I hold in the utmost esteem,—and as I have a just reason for thinking my Book will be looked over by many of the gentlemen in this Circuit, I should consider it as a mark of peculiar favour to be honored with any communication, which their extensive reading, and profound erudition, enable them to dispense. C. H.

FROM hence the river has nothing worth notice till we reach WHITCHURCH, when we enjoy a glimpse of the Rocks at NEW-WEIR, called “Symonds’s Gate,” and other rocks in front, which give a fine termination to the view.

The parish of Whitchurch is situated on the right bank of the river Wye, a few hundred yards from its shore, and is one of the prettiest, and most pleasant, VILLAGES, in this part of the country; being placed at an easy distance from the towns of Ross and Monmouth, to each of which
places

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places it is a beautiful ride,—and through it runs the great turnpike road, from London to all parts of South Wales, and the South of Ireland. This circumstance, added to the attraction of Monmouthshire as a fashionable tour, gives it an air of cheerfulness unknown to other places around.

The Gwillims were formerly possessed of considerable estates in this parish; but issue falling in the female line, they of course have been divided, and distributed into marriage connexions. A branch* of this line resides in the Village, the family mansion being occupied by Mr. Thomas Watkins, which retains the name of

THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

It is a spacious residence, similar to the generality of Manor Houses; but being set to a private family, who take great pains to keep it in repair, it preserves, both within and without, all its wanted respectability and comfort. Part of the ancient tapestry continues to ornament the walls of some of the bedchambers, and the oak floors may vie with the looking-glass for lustre:—a fate very rare for an old Manor House,—for becoming generally tenanted by farmers, *former purposes are forgotten*. Under its roof have I enjoyed many happy hours: it is one of those houses in the country, which,—I have the owner's authority for saying, *I shall*

* Public virtue demands public notice.—During the SCARCITY OF GRAIN preceding the harvest of 1795, this Lady made frequent distributions of flour and other articles, among the neighbouring poor, to the amount of FIFTY POUNDS at a time, when it bore so high a price. Fortune in such hands, and so dispensed, is a BLESSING TO SOCIETY. Long may she continue to enjoy the well-earned praises of the surrounding country.

always

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always have the privilege of resorting to, without the expence of rent or servants ; and in addition to it, a bed, and a hearty welcome. What more could I desire, if Mr. Watkins was my Brother?

WHITCHURCH SCHOOL.

INSTANCE OF PUBLIC SPIRIT IN WHITCHURCH.—Several families in the parish and vicinity wishing to establish a School, where they could place their children near enough to be under their own inspection, communicated their intentions to many of their neighbours. No sooner were they made known, than a Meeting was held, and a plan laid down to be carried into execution. A handsome house, in the centre of the village, was taken for the purpose, the rent of which the subscribers engaged to pay for 3 years; and to send a certain number of children, for which they were to pay exclusive of the former condition. Twenty-seven subscribers set down their names to support it, and to send their sons and daughters to the number of forty-five, to the school, according to the terms proposed.

This care they intrusted to Mrs. Mr. and Miss COLEY (late of Gloucester) whose attentions have justified the good opinion formed of their abilities by the promoters of the scheme. Under their management it continues flourishing, and is honoured with many children of respectable families round the country.

MONUMENTAL RECORD.

On the West side of the churchyard is a spacious vault belonging to the Gwillim family, enclosed with a stone wall, and large iron spikes placed on the top.

Against the West end, the arms of Gwillim, quartered with another family ; the former,

A lion rampant, ermines, gorg'd with a collar, or, langued and armed, gules. The latter, a chevron, between three swans, fable.

Underneath

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Underneath is this *Inscription* :

“ Impensis ”

“ Thomæ Gwillim, et

“ Elizabethæ Uxoris suæ, An. Dom. 1744.”

In the centre stands an altar tomb, on the sides of which are the following *Inscriptions* :

I.

“ In Memory of that excellent Lady Mrs. ELIZABETH STUART, who died
“ the 17th of January, 1742, aged 71 Years. She was Widow of Elmes
“ Stuart, Esq. Daughter of John Creed, Esq. Secretary of Tangiers to
“ King Charles II. Grandaughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart. Great
“ Grandaughter of Sir Sidney Montague, Knt. Master of Requests to
“ King Charles I. who was father of Edward Earl of Sandwich, and of
“ Lady Pickering.”

II.

“ She stretched forth her Hands to the Poor,—she opened her Mouth with
“ Wisdom,—and in her Tongue was the Love of Kindness. She left
“ three Daughters,—Elizabeth, Wife of Thomas Gwillim, Esq. Mrs.
“ Anne Stuart, at whose joint Expence this Monument was erected; and
“ Jemima, Wife of Elmes Spinks, Esq.”

III.

“ Here also lieth the Body of JASPAR GWILLIM, her Grandson, who died
“ the 24th of June, 1743, aged 12 Years and 4 Months.
“ As they were lovely and pleasant in their Lives, so in their Deaths
“ they are not divided.
“ This Youth was unfortunately drowned in this River, endeavouring
“ to save his sinking Schoolfellow and Friend.”

On a flat stone, on the North side :

“ Here lieth the Body of THOMAS GWILLIM, Esq. and Mrs. ELIZABETH
“ his Wife. He departed this Life November the 5th, 1766, aged 70
“ Years. She departed this Life July the 4th 1767, aged 71 Years.

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On another, close adjoining :

“ Here lieth the Body of MRS. HENRIETTA MARIA GWILLIM, second
“ Daughter to Thomas Gwillim, Esq. and Elizabeth his Wife. She
“ departed this Life June the 25th 1785, aged 58 Years.

“ The Soul of the Liberal devifeth liberal Things.”

The CHURCH is situated close to the edge of the river ;
and is much admired for its picturesque appearance, in the
voyage down the WYE : but as the inside does not contain
any thing particularly deserving notice, I will not intrude
on the Reader's time.

For the following information I am indebted to a very
ingenious acquaintance, whose OBSERVATIONS deserve
notice :

The IRON WORKS in this neighbourhood are of very
early date ; and it appears, that their supply of ORE was
obtained from the adjoining hills, called DOWARD.
Their furnaces were on the most simple construction, being
nothing more than a common blacksmith's forge, the bellows
of which was worked with *the foot* instead of *the hand*. These
not having sufficient strength to extract *all* the metal, of
course a large quantity remained in the cinders, which were
thrown by, and formed large heaps in a length of years.
By the introduction of modern engines, these cinders which
lay buried in the grounds became an object of speculation
with the Iron Masters, and it is a fact attested on incontro-
vertible authority, “ That many people who possessed land
“ where

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“ where these **bloomeries** had been erected, procured and
“ sold **CINDERS** for much more than the land originally
“ cost.”

A little below Old Forge,* in a field on the right hand, is a heap of these Cinders, which were hauled there, at the expence of the Iron Masters, in order to be taken from thence to the Forges: but the † Lancashire ore being discovered, and found to answer in a superior degree, they remain in the situation they were placed, to the great loss of the persons who made the purchase. They are now sold for a trifle, to mend the roads.

A little below Wilton bridge (near Ross), there remain a large quantity of the same sort of Cinders, which have been considered as a nuisance, but public notice cannot procure their removal.

* Between Goodrich and Whitchurch,—to these Bloomeries, I suppose, it owes its name.

† Brought from a place called FURNESS.

DOWARD.

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DOWARD.



THE HILLS, called GREAT and LITTLE DOWARD, which adjoin to the village of WHITCHURCH, and in part form the termination to the river view before mentioned, though un-noticed by the Journalists, are objects equal in beauty to any that the excursion presents between Ross and Monmouth. Their difficulty of access may, in some degree, be a bar to inspection, but those who have leisure to ascend them, will be fully recompenced for the trouble, by the sublimity, grandeur, and variety, of scenery, which are unfolded in the view.

The path which leads to it on the side which fronts the Wye, is steep, stoney, and uncouth,—but a horse road is formed at Crocker's Ash, (between Monmouth and Whitchurch) whereby it may be ascended with less labour.

Camden, in his Additions to Herefordshire, thus notices Doward :

“ In the south limit of this county is Doward (in the parish of Whitchurch) a pretty high hill, on the top whereof one would guess, by the ditches, there had been

n

“ an

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“ an ancient fortification; and what makes it more proba-
“ ble, in digging there for iron ore and limestone, broad
“ arrow heads have been found of late years; and not long
“ ago, the greatest part of the bones of a gigantic person
“ were found here interred, in a place that seemed to be
“ arched over. The length of all the joints were twice the
“ length of others of this age. Captain Scudamore, of
“ Kentchurch,* had the skull, and Mr. White, of the New
“ Weare, near the place, had the remaining bones, and
“ gave them to a Chirurgeon in Bristol.”

That on it was an encampment is beyond all doubt, for its form is to be traced at the present day; and in the centre of the camp are three mounds of earth, which seem to have been raised for the tents of the commanders. The ground being defended on the E. by woody eminencies, on the N. by abrupt rocky projections, on the South by the Wye, from whose banks the rocks rise almost perpendicular,—the West part, which was deemed accessible, appears strongly fortified by intrenchments of earth, which remain in great preservation.

It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that the space of ground within the lines of an encampment, was called the

* Gibson published his “Additions to Camden” in 1695.—Mr. White’s family having left New Wear many years; and Colonel Scudamore, the present owner of Kentchurch, being on service with his regiment, I cannot obtain any information respecting this circumstance; tho’ it is very probable, that, at this distance of time, it is totally forgot. Having the honour of being personally known to Colonel Scudamore, I am well convinced his kindness would impart to me any information on the subject which came within his recollection. It shall be noticed at a future day.

Bath

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Bailie, which is the name it is now known by. Many years ago, when the return of MAY was welcomed with external marks of joy, the village train used here to assemble, and indulge in all the frolic joys peculiar to the day,—among which sports, the entertainments of the *Morris Dancers** held a distinguished rank.

But its military attractions are of trifling moment, when compared with its prospects, which are so richly diversified from every point of view; particularly N. and S.; to the former, a country highly cultivated, bounded by Malvern Hills,—and to the latter, the beautiful enclosures of Hadnock, terminated by woody heights peculiar to this country. At one point, you obtain the *reach* into Monmouth, with its bridge; moving forward, the church and its elegant spire add to the number of objects; and in going on, the whole town comes in sight; so that almost every step makes a sensible variation, either in the fore or back-ground of the picture.

* A corruption from *Morefque*.—A little book in my possession furnishes the following Note. Speaking of the *Morris Dancers*, “Sir Wm. Temple says,—Lord Leicester had a pamphlet in his possession, written by a gentleman of Herefordshire, where mention was made of a set of *Morris Dancers*, who went about that country (in King James’s reign) composed of ten men, who danced; a Maid Marian, and a tabor and pipe; and that the twelve, one with another, made up 1200 years! “It is not so much,” says he, “that so many in one small county should live to that age, as that they should be in vigour and in humour to travel and to dance.”

The above story is very popular in Herefordshire. Sergeant Hoskins is said to have been the man who entertained King James I. with the performances of this curious group.

There

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There is a circumstance in the grounds at **PIERCEFIELD** which has excited much pleasure, viz. the small farm on the bank of the *Wye*, of which you have a view from the opposite shore; but, in the writer's opinion, it is very inferior to the view over *Hadnock*; for the enclosures occupy a wider extent, and its woody terminations add a greater beauty to the prospect than the rocks which form the back ground to the former; besides this, the river is here transparent, and devoid of sludgy shores,—a disagreeable feature at *Piercefield*.

To the North-east, in a valley between the two hills, is a beautiful **FARM**, in the highest state of cultivation, which may be deemed a kind of **FAIRY LAND**, and is as eminently beautiful as its appearance is unexpected. It is occupied by **Mr. DAVIS**, and called

“THE KILN-HOUSE FARM,”

probably from the number of lime-kilns on the adjoining heights. At the upper end of the estate, in that corner of it which joins the wood, on the right, is a romantic cavern, which bears the name of

KING ARTHUR'S HALL:

and extends under ground (according to tradition), from thence to **NEW WEAR**, a distance of more than a mile. Various are the tales which credulity has attached to its formation; but tho' no mind listens with more 'greedy ear' to popular superstition, than mine own, when I can detect its fallacy; the Reader's may be differently disposed; of course I shall not trifle with it, but briefly state, that the cavern

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cavern was a *Mine*, out of which was produced the *Iron Ore* for the furnaces adjoining; and is a convincing proof of the antiquity of the iron manufactory in this part of the country, which the cinders before noticed further corroborate.

The most ingenious fabulist could not create a situation more correspondent with legendary tale, than the cavern in question; and, with equal address, might he fancy himself the Hero of Romance, and this his Dwelling. You enter it thro' a large apperture on the right hand,—and on the left is a lofty and spacious square room, which seems to have been formed for the purpose of the workmen to regale in. Before the entrance stands a huge stone, which might have served as a guard against the weather, at unfavourable seasons. On the whole, the peculiarity of its situation, and known extent (many people having followed its course for some hundred yards under ground), give birth to the most extravagant conceptions, which the uninformed mind could create.

The cavern being used as a *sheep fold*, it is stopped up at a short distance from the entrance, to prevent the fleecy tenants from being lost.

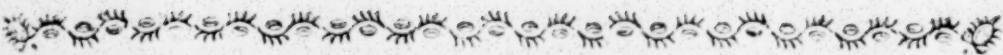
A road is now making, at the West end of Doward, at the expence of HENRY BARNES, Esq. of the Fort, the present Sheriff for the County of Monmouth, which when finished will render it extremely pleasant to ascend: and for the accommodation of foot company, seats will be placed in
those

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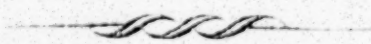
those situations which command the most pleasing prospects. By his very polite behaviour this account of DOWARD is rendered more worthy of public acceptance,—he having accompanied the Writer, and directed his attentions, as well as illustrated the different objects noticed, by an intimate acquaintance with the subject, which superior talents enabled him to form; many of which would otherwise have been over-looked, but for such an intelligent companion in the ride.

A parent the most solicitous for a favourite child, cannot look upon it with more affectionate regard than does the WRITER on *this little Book*. In obtaining the information detailed in its pages, I have been introduced to many families, to whom I was unknown, or only but by name, whose politeness and hospitality are beyond my praise. I must, in a particular manner mention Colonel Money, of *Hom House*; Mrs. Clarke, of the *Hill*; and Henry Barnes, Esq. of the *Fort*; because my situation in life had no pretensions to such favor,—for had I been their SON, OR RELATIVE, I could not have met with a reception more grateful to my feelings. To them the *Public*, equally *with myself*, are indebted, as adding to their pleasure in the Excursion: and I shall consider it as the happiest encouragement for prosecuting the task in some other part of the country, which has received little notice from the Tourist.

NEW WEAR.



NEW WEAR.



MY intention, when I began the Book, was only to add what Anecdotes I could collect of *The Man of Ross*, as a short PREFACE to the Observations of the different Writers on the River Wye, under which head I have continued the Title; but being insensibly led on to this place, I must not quit it, without offering what relates to its local history.

The Iron Works at New-Wear were, for a number of years, carried on by a family of the name of WHITE, whom Gibson mentions possessed the bones of the skeleton found on Doward; but since their time, they have been occupied by Mr. John and Mr. William Partridge, who now reside at Monmouth and at Goodrich.

The continuance of *this* Wear is attributed, according to public opinion, to the following circumstance:

“ An order having been issued, by Government, for
“ reducing all the Wears on the Wye so many feet below
“ the surface of the water,—the Duke of Kent, of whose
“ property this formed a part, being timely informed of the
“ cir-

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“ circumstance, immediately added the number of feet of
“ wall to its former height, so that when it came to be
“ lowered, it remained in its original state.”

Credulity, thy broad gulp! The kind communication of an intelligent friend has given me better information, and will impart a circumstance not generally known in the neighbourhood :

Below the junction of Monnow with the Wye ; as also at Landogo, Cardithell, Big's-wear, &c. Locks were erected on this river ; and the barges navigating it paid a tonnage to the present Lord Sands's ancestors, of Omberfly Court, near Worcester, whose freeholds they were. But being considered, some years ago, rather a disadvantage than a benefit, the right of tonnage was purchased of the family, and the river divested of the impediments, except New Wear, which was guaranteed under Act of Parliament, with this proviso, that the water should flow over it a given quantity of feet, in order that the Salmon should get over, for the benefit of the upper parts of the country ; at which level it has ever since remained, and is now the only Lock on the Wye in the course of the voyage.

The right of fishery, which is here very valuable, belongs to Mr. W. Partridge, of Goodrich, who carries on the Iron Works.

The sublime beauties of this place, which is deemed the SECOND GRAND SCENE ON THE WYE, have been most ably delineated by the pens of Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Gilpin, and
Mr. Shaw,

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Mr. Shaw, which renders further remark almost superfluous : I shall therefore hasten home, with all the respect I owe my Reader.

Many travellers, whose zeal for enjoying the peculiar beauties on the Wye overlook the trifling difficulty of gaining an ascent, leave the BOAT at COLDWELL, and climb the steep, called *Symond's Gate*, on the left bank ; which, though a work of labour, will reward the curious observer, not only by a beautiful view of the country, but also of the course of the river, which here "makes another bold sweep," for when standing on this summit, the space across is not *half a mile* by land, but more than *four* by water. It also gives an idea of the precipices at *Piercesfield*, which frown upon the *Wye* in a manner terrific to survey.

From the inhabitants I have endeavoured to obtain the reason of this promontory of rock being named *Symond's Gate*, but cannot meet with one that is satisfactory ; the most rational conjecture offered was, that it formed the boundary of the counties of Hereford and Gloucester. What degree of credit is attached to it, I leave to the Reader's judgment.

The descent to *New Wear* is rugged and stoney, but going with gravity lessens the inconvenience.

From *New Wear* to *Monmouth* the walk holds forth the most inviting attractions ; indeed it is a combination of such rich and varied scenery the whole of the way, that a transitory view from the boat can convey but a faint idea of its beauty.

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The path conducts you, on the right bank of the river, for some distance, under a shady row of mixed trees, behind which recede a grand range of rocks, in a variety of fantastic shapes and forms, more or less cloathed with ivy, and at their base are strewed about detached stones, of an enormous size, which encrease the sublimity of the scene. The opposite bank is a woody hill, through which the coal from the Forest of Dean is conveyed, for the use of the neighbouring lime kilns.

At the end of this row of trees, you enter some fine meadow ground,—and the river, by a beautiful curve, shutting out the confusion at the Wear, presents a pastoral scene, as pleasing as unexpected. This charming contrast, from uproar to all that is soothing or agreeable in Nature, appears more the fiction of a dream than reality,—and forms a part of that *unceasing variety* which so peculiarly marks the course of this river. The attention is not suffered to pause long on a particular object, so rapid are the attractions on each bank;—sometimes the folding screen is on the right—at another, on the left; and by a sudden curve, a bold front screen marks the distance—in each of which, some novelty or beauty is introduced, either in the form, colour, or clothing of the rocks, so as to excite in the mind a perpetual delight and admiration.

The outward colour of the rocks at Coldwell and New Wear is of a light grey; but here they take a change from Nature as well as from art; for possessing a limestone quality, their faces are fractured into a variety of forms, which
change

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changes the colour to a light red, and by that means adds a fresh tint to the variety. Those on the right bank rise more abruptly from the ground, and their appearance is more rude and savage. Down their side, at the fourth field, a water-fall (called *the dripping well*, which possesses a petrifying quality) hurries headlong, forming in winter a fine cascade, and even in summer a stream of such force as to deserve, tho' with less claim, the appellation.

The sixth field is Elysium;—it occupies a greater extent; and is skirted with a rich coppice wood, both in front and on the right; the bottom is fringed with an irregular row of trees of different kinds, whose *pensive forms* add to the luxury of the scene. At the upper end stand some fine chestnut trees, whose spreading branches seem to invite the Traveller under their folaging shade. Indeed I have been told by Mr. Newton and Mr. Evans, the proprietors of the Pleasure Boats, that few companies pass by this spot without alighting, and sharing a repast under their protection.

We now enter the wood (richly reclusé), through whose thicket the same harsh featured rocks rear their heads; staring wildness and horror, and inhabited by birds of prey; but its length is of short continuance,---when we open upon DOWARD, whose rocks upon its summit appear like the ruins of an ancient Castle. Its rude appearance is here finely softened by the rich and beautiful enclosures on the opposite bank at Hadnock, as noticed in the preceding pages. At the S. W. point of this hill, huge stones hang in *terrorem* on its side, in a manner almost astonishing; some of which curiosity

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osity prompted me to examine; and one, in particular, to measure, which was 27 feet long, 7 feet broad, and 6 feet thick; and considering the small bed of earth they rested in, I trembled for the safety of the inhabitants below, if they ever loosed from their centre.

In the bottom (called *The Lays*), are dispersed several beautiful cottages, whose situation is finely introduced in

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

BY MISS SEWARD :

O, SHARE my cottage, dearest Maid!

Beneath a Mountain, wild and high;
It nestles in a silent glade,
And WYE's clear currents wander by:
Each tender care, each honest art,
Shall chase all future want from thee,
When thy sweet lips consent impart
To climb these steepy hills with me.

Far from the City's vain parade,
No scornful brow shall there be seen:
No dull impertinence invade,
Nor envy base, nor sullen spleen.
The shadowy rocks, which circle round,
From storms shall guard our sylvan cell;
And there shall ev'ry joy be found
That loves in peaceful vales to dwell.

When late the tardy Sun shall peer,
And faintly gild yon little spire;
When nights are long, and frosts severe,
And our clean hearth is bright with fire,
Sweet tales to read—sweet songs to sing!
O they shall drown the wind and rain,
E'en till the soften'd season bring
Merry Spring-time back again!

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Then Hawthorns, flow'ring in the glen,
Shall guard the warbling plummy throng;
Nor boast the busy haunts of Men
So fair a scene, so sweet a song.
Thy arms the new-yea'd Lamb will shield,
And to the sunny shelter bear;
While, o'er the rough and breathing field,
My hands impel the gleaming share.

Ne'er doubt our wheaten ears will rise,
And full their yellow harvest glow;
Then prove, with me, the sprightly Joys,
That LOVE and INDUSTRY bestow.
Their jocund power can banish strife,
Her clouds no passing day will see,
Since all the leisure hours of life,
Shall still be spent in pleasing thee.

Passing

TO MISS SEWARD I once had the pleasure of being introduced, some years ago, at NOTTINGHAM,—and I can assert, what will be credited by those of my Readers who enjoy the happiness of her acquaintance, that her beautiful person, and elegant form, join'd to the most engaging address, may be deemed the counterpart of her charming POETRY.

The 'HAWTHORN' does not strictly correspond with the situation,—tho' a circumstance of equal gaiety adorns it, namely, the apple-tree, which flourishes around the dwellings in great abundance. But in point of Song from Nature's Choristers, this spot might challenge England. It is impossible to enjoy a higher treat of the kind than the harmony of these little warblers in the woods on the banks of the Wye, on a fine summer's evening, who seem to vie with each other in the richness and fullness of their Notes, from each side of the water. The following little Anecdote I had from Signior Rossignol, so celebrated for Imitations of the feathered tribe: When at Monmouth, in the Summer, he often walked towards Hadnock, at a late hour of the night, for the purpose of comparing his notes with those he imitated: first he would begin with the Blackbird's, when all of
that

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Passing through a few pleasant meadows, we meet the turnpike road, at the bottom of a hill called **GENEAU YR WYW**, [vulg. pron. *Gan-y-rew*] which, in English, signifies *The Mouth of the Wye*;^{*}—here the river, by making an abrupt turn to the left, changes the fine woody hill† from a grand front to a side screen, which it continues for some time. **HADNOCK HOUSE**, the seat of the Rev. P. GRIFFIN, L.L.D. now comes in view, which is the most elegant mansion, next to Mrs. CLARKE'S, of the Hill, in the course of the voyage from Ross to Monmouth.

Among

that species within hearing would instantly awake, as it were, with the rapture of day:—then the Thrush,—next the Nightingale; and so on; till he had called forth the song of every bird in the wood, and would continue amusing himself in this manner for an hour together; so that a traveller passing along the road, would, by judging from the surrounding harmony, suppose he had mistaken the time of day. He left town the day he mentioned the circumstance, or I should have shared the pleasure with him. A strong proof of the affinity of his notes to the originals.

^{*} This place does not accord with its name,—the ELBOW of the Wye would be a better appellation,—unless we accept it as the entrance into Monmouthshire from Herefordshire; the watering-place for horses, near the bottom of the hill, forming the division of those counties. The town of Monmouth, from its being situated close on the borders of Hereford and Gloucestershires, seems as if it had taken hurr at the town's lower down; and run off almost out of the county; when Herefordshire, dreading the effect of its CAMERIAN SPIRIT, prevented its further progress. Gloucestershire may feel itself grateful to the Wye for its security.

† The elegant Observations on Woods, by Mr. Wheatly, are worthy insertion, tho' the extract is very partial:

The different tints of greens may seem at first sight to be rather minute varieties than characteristic distinctions; but upon experience it will be found,

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Among the many respectable families, both in and near Monmouth, from whom I have received particular marks of kindness, to none do I feel myself more indebted than to Dr. Griffin; but lest what I might offer as a tribute of respect, might be construed into a hope of obtaining favor, I shall take the liberty of quoting the learned Author of the *History of Monmouthshire*, because he cannot be suspected of any motive but that of truth: indeed it would create a pause to know in what manner greater civilities could be shewn to me, either at Hadnock or at Monmouth.

“ The Library of Dr. GRIFFIN, of Hadnock, consists principally of books relating to British antiquities. They have been at the Author's service; and the Doctor has assisted in the use of them, with the zeal and liberality of a mind, eminently honest and disinterested. He seems to have had thoughts of writing a *History of Monmouth-*

found, that from small beginnings they lead to material consequences: that they are more important on the broad expanse, than along the narrow outline of a wood; and that by their union, or their contrast, they produce effects not to be disregarded in scenes of extent and of grandeur.

A HANGING WOOD in AUTUMN is enriched with colours, whose beauty cheers the approaches of the inclement season they forebode: but when the trees first droop, while the verdure as yet only begins to fade, they are no more than stronger tints of those colours with which the greens in their vigour are shaded; and which now are succeeded by a paler white, a brighter yellow, or a darker brown. The effects are not different; they are only more faintly impressed at one time than another; but when they are strongest, they are most observable. The fall of the leaf, therefore, is the time to learn the species, the order, and the proportion of tints, which blended, will form BEAUTIFUL MASSES: and, on the other hand, to distinguish those which are INCOMPATIBLE near together.

“ shire.

P R E F A C E.

" shire. His disposition and taste are directed principally
 " to the origin and connections of families, and to the
 " descent of property ; and his notes, which he has had the
 " candour to submit to the Author, generally referred to
 " those subjects. The Reader will see the use made of
 " that indulgence, would not preclude such a work ; pro-
 " bably a model to the Historiographers of counties ;---a
 " history of powerful and opulent families, written by a
 " Clergyman, uninfluenced by patronage or the desire of
 " preferment, and with a scrupulous regard to truth."
Preface to Hist. M.shire, p. ix.

" Hadnock House is situated on the brow of one of those
 " projecting hillocks, which over-look the Wye; two miles
 " from Monmouth, and on the edge of the Forest of Dean.
 " It was the chosen retirement of Admiral Griffin; de-
 " scended from a Cambro-British family in ancient Cum-
 " bria, or Cumberland; and from a prepossession in favor
 " of the Cambrians, he was induced to purchase the estate.
 " His son, Dr. Griffin, to whom, it may be perceived, the
 " historian of Monmouthshire has considerable obligations,
 " professes to have no materials for an account of his own
 " family. Whether he be fearful of the effect of gratitude;
 " or, in the habit of contemplating the most splendid pedi-
 " grees, he may overlook his own,---the Author has not
 " succeeded in soliciting this species of information.

" The hills fringed with various coppices, are contrasted
 " by the surface of a majestic wood; the austere charac-
 " ters of a large mountain, in the back-ground, have their
 " grandeur

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“ grandeur and rigor are finely softened by the winding and
“ cultivated vale ; and the whole landscape, which would
“ otherwise be rude and romantic, receives the most deli-
“ cate touches from the occasional appearance of the mag-
“ nificent and peaceful Wye, slowly meandering at the foot
“ of the Knoll, on which the house is so happily placed.”
Hist. M.shire, p. 332.

A short distance below, on the opposite bank of the Wye, stands the parish Church, called DIXTON, which makes but a very inconsiderable figure as a picturesque object, by reason of its awkward form, being very long and narrow, and its spire (or rather want of one), gives the whole a heavy appearance. In the flood of 1794, this church was desolated within, the water having forced its way through the windows and doors,—tearing up with its violence the pulpit, pews, pavement, in short every thing that came in its way : since that time it has been newly fitted up, and now assumes an appearance of decorum compatible with the purposes for which it is intended.

The Living, which is a Vicarage, is held by the Rev. H. BANKS :—the Rev. JOHN POWELL, M. A. Master of the Free Grammar and Boarding School, MONMOUTH, is the officiating Minister. Whether the full attendance, when Divine Service is performed, results from the oratory of the Preacher, or the beautiful walk along the banks of the Wye, is not a fair question for me to pronounce on, because I should give an instant decision in favour of the Clergyman.

The Great Tythes belong to the Rev. Dr. GRIFFIN.

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The nave is without side isles. Within the Communion rails, under flat stones, lie the family of BELLAMY, who once resided at Hadnock; and against the North side of the Chancel wall, is an Achievement of Dr. GRIFFIN's relatives, who also lie buried here, but without Inscriptions.

Against the same side of the church, is a mural monument, with this inscription:

In Memory of
Mrs. SARAH MAULE,* Widow,
And relict of ROBERT MAULE, late Governor of GOREE,
Who died the 1st February 1782.

✠ The above is the only mural monument it contains.

The Reader, if he takes notice, will find the graves of those recently buried, in this part of the country, *entirely strewed over with FLOWERS*. The custom is an imitation of an observance more beautifully attended to in *South Wales*, an account of which I have been favoured with by a Lady, who resided some time in Glamorganshire:

Soon after interment, or in proper season, the graves are planted with a variety of flower-roots, which bloom early in the Spring, and care is taken to weed and otherwise dress them, on a particular day, in which duty all the young people of the parish assist, not as a task, but regarding it as a

* Tradition reports a curious Anecdote of this Lady:—Unwilling that her relatives should enjoy any thing she could dispossess them of, she ordered all her valuables to be put in her coffin after her death, and to be buried with her. It is to be hoped her Executors had more prudence than to comply with such a desire.

pious

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pious holiday ; so that when they put forth their blossoms, the churchyard has the appearance of a *garden* in elegant order;—a much more decent custom, than turning in HORSES, PIGS, &c. to graze it. How beautifully does COLLINS allude to this tribute of affection for departed friends, in the following charming

L I N E S,

INTRODUCED AS A DIRGE IN CYMBELINE :

TO fair FIDELÉ's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.
No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.
No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !
The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.
When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more ;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

From

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From Hadnock, a beautiful *reach*, two miles in extent, with grand hanging woods, on the right or left bank, near the whole of the way, conducts us into

MONMOUTH;

where I shall, for the present, leave the Traveller; assuring him, that at the *Beaufort Arms* he will meet with accommodations equal to his utmost wishes.

Having now fulfilled my promise; and the remainder of the voyage, from hence to *Chepstow*, being already printed, I shall conclude the account with some appropriate

LINES,

BY THE REV. L. BOOKER, L.L.D.

OF DUDLEY, IN WORCESTERSHIRE.*

W HATE'ER of sweet, of simple, of sublime,—
Of Glades to traverse, or of Heights to climb!
Of Rocks incumbent o'er rich vales below,
Where silver Streams in soft Meand'rings flow,—
Reluctant flow, as tho' they seem'd to grieve
So lovely, so divine, a Scene to leave;
As if unwilling to resign their Charms
(Like a coy Maiden), to Old OCEAN's Arms,—
Which, cov'ring many a League, are open'd wide,
To add their confluent Waters to his Tide:
Whatever Charm in *other* Scenes we see,
NATURE, O MONMOUTH! here combines in THEE!

* The above Lines were written at my House, while directing his kind enquiries after the happiness of my family,—particularly of an infant daughter, whose cherub countenance, on a former visit, had highly interested his affection.

POSTSCRIPT.



POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the early Sheets of this Work were printed off, I have had the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. CLARKE, of the HILL, near Ross, the oldest relative of the KYRLE family now living. To the most polite and hospitable reception, she added all the Information in her power,—the particulars of which I will fully detail, as they illustrate and confirm some parts of the preceding Accounts :

The pedigree of the family, and a variety of papers relating to it, which she submitted to my inspection, agreed with the Rev. Mr. Dallaway's statement, of their settlement in Herefordshire in the reign of King Henry VIIth ; as also with the names and residence of *The Man of Ross's* Father and Mother ; but that the latter should *critically* be called *The WHITE HOUSE* (not *Whitehouse*, without the article) probably from being white-washed, according to the custom of this part of the kingdom.

Mr. John Kyrle was the eldest of two children ; his brother's name was Walter, but the pedigree takes no further notice of him, or his fortune.

Tho' now in her 82d year, and enjoying, in the highest vigour, *Mens sana in Corpore sano*, Mrs. Clarke's recollection does not furnish me with any particular anecdote of Mr. Kyrle. He visited at the Hill, and she remembers his person, which agrees with what Wm. Dobbs has described.

She

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She supposed the following CAUSE enabled Mr. Robert Kyrle to cut off the intail :

A great part of The Man of Ross's estates were *copyhold*;—these he should have passed in Court, for the purposes of his Will, at the time he settled his intentions, according to the Custom of the Manor. By neglect of this ceremony, Mr. R. Kyrle's family became possessed of them for ever.

The *Summer House*, at the end of the Walks, I have said was built by The Man of Ross, but Mrs. Clarke is of a different opinion: she says, that Mr. Vand. Kyrle erected it, after the sale of some Woods at Dymock; and that he placed the picture over the door there. The finger points to a wood opposite; and the Motto (now defaced, which was *si non tibi, non ibi*,—"had it not been for thee [the woods] you [the summer house] had not been there"), is a proof of the correctness of her information.

It is recorded of Boyle, the philosophical writer, "*That he congratulated himself on his high birth, because it facilitated his access:—*The introduction to society of superior rank, might at the time he lived, have been attended with some difficulty; but I can with truth affirm, that had I possessed his abilities, or his fortune, I could not have met with more liberal treatment, than I received from many respectable families, whilst soliciting information for THIS WORK; and to the above Lady I beg again to express my particular obligations.

From contemplating Mr. Kyrle's picture, I was induced to become his Biographer: I wish I had taken up the subject

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ject sooner, as I am of opinion I should have added greatly to its value, which would have given me peculiar satisfaction. "With all its imperfections on its head," I send it forth as the best account yet printed of his Life; and if it should afford half the pleasure in the perusal, which it has given me in the collecting, I shall forget the infinite labour, as well as the exertion and expence, which I have called forth to obtain it.

Happy is the man (says Clarke, in his Essay on Study), who can support himself, in a constant laborious endeavour to be useful to mankind, by a nobler principle than that of a view to present interest.

The Road from Ross to Monmouth,

Has been considered, by many Gentlemen, as one of the most beautiful RIDES in the kingdom; from the number of interesting objects, and fine views of the river and surrounding country. The following Breviary will point them out, without enquiry, as they successively occur:

Leaving Ross,—the fine Bridge over the Wye at Wilton, the Castle, and Hamlet.

Mr. Kyrle's Walks run parallel with the River for a mile; at the end of which is the Summer House.

Two miles, on the left, Mrs. Clarke's, of the Hill.

From 2 to 3 Miles,—the view I mentioned as worthy of Poffin. River, Country, Goodrich Castle: divine scenery.

The village of Pencreek. Between this and Goodrich, in the valley on the right, lies "Master" Swift's House. (Called The New House.)

Four Miles,=Goodrich. Catch a view of Coldwell Rocks, on the left.

The

POSTSCRIPT.

The towering promontory, called Symonds's Gate, and Rocks at New Wear, now come in view. The descent below the Cross Keys, Newmean hill,—in the middle, on the right, old Christ, Llewellyn's residence.

On the opposite side of the river,—Huntsham, Mr. Powles's house.

At the bottom of the hill,—Old Forge, where the iron works I supposed were carried on, and in adjoining fields the Cinders found.

Six miles,—The beautiful Village of Whitechurch. The Hills of Doward in front. The Summer House, on the left eminence, charming.

Seven miles,—On the left, Doward House, Capt. Groves.

In the valley, on the right, The Fort, Henry Barnes, Esq.

Geneau y'r Wyw Hill, beautiful view of Hadnock, and the Wye.

On the left, a handsome House is now building, by Philip Atley, Esq.

The Wye now joins the road, after being a truant companion all the former part of the ride. Charming ride from hence to Monmouth. In the Summer, you are delighted on the road with a "Chorus of Birds."

On the right Bank, called the Old Chapel (from a Chapel of Ease to Dixon once occupying the site), a neat Box, Mr. Lucas, Monmouth.

On the right Bank,—Hadnock House, Rev. Dr. Griffin.

Nine miles,—on the hill, Newton, Mr. Griffiths.

Adjoining the road, on the right,—A neat Box (called the Curled Cat, from having formerly been a public house, and the sign a Cat, with two tails curled). The property of W. Powell, Esq. Monmouth.

On the left,—Dixon Church.

✧ In the course of this Winter, I purpose Printing some Account of
MONMOUTH,

If, on a review of my Collections, I find them sufficiently interesting to lay before the PUBLIC. Should any person, whose taste directs to a similar pursuit, find a pleasure in assisting, I should deem it an honour to unite with him in the undertaking. The kind communications of friends would be highly valuable,—I would cheerfully make pecuniary satisfaction where it was required. c. h.

End of the Preface.



GEOGRAPHICAL

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GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION

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RIVERS WYE, LUGG, &c.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

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PHICAL

THE WYE is the only river of which the county of HEREFORD can boast, although the LUGG is sometimes honoured with that appellation by the natives.

The WYE rises from Plinlimmon hills, in Montgomeryshire, and entering Radnorshire at Cefincoed, passeth thro' that county, until it receives the ELAN, two miles below Rhaydergowy. From thence it separates the counties of Brecon and Radnor to Hay, a distance of thirty-three miles. Leaving Breconshire at Hay, and Radnorshire at Rhydspence, two miles lower, it enters Herefordshire

A shire

shire with slow but majestic pace. The WYE having now travelled sixty miles from its source, is strengthened and augmented to no small size, by the wealth which it has collected from a large district of hills and valleys on either side, whose numerous rivers and streams have united to add to its importance, by consigning to it at once their respective contents and their respective names.

The WYE moves slowly through this county by the city of Hereford and market town of Ross, until it reaches Gloucestershire; then by Monmouth to Chepstow, where it joins the SEVERN SEA,—disdaining to resign its contents to any other stream.

The WYE is neither beneficial or hurtful to the agriculture of this county in any considerable degree. To the city of Hereford and its vicinity it is of service, as coal and other heavy articles are brought there from the Forest of Dean, and Bristol. It also enables the inhabitants to send cyder, bark, timber, &c. back by the same conveyance to the SEVERN. Even the counties of Brecon and Radnor derive some little benefit from the WYE, as it is, in floods, navigable six miles above the Hay.

Although the WYE is too haughty to yield to the husbandman's wish, by submitting to be turned over his meadows, yet here are other streams more humble

humble and more useful, that are quite tractable; from whose invigorating assistance the farmer derives no small portion of wealth.

The LUGG rises in Radnorshire near Llangunllo, and entering this county near Presteign, and passing by Leominster, empties itself into the WYE below the city of Hereford, after having, for twenty-five miles, watered a district, which, taking it all in all, is perhaps not to be equalled by any other in this island, of similar extent.

The ARROW, a beautiful little stream, rises near Gladstree, in Radnorshire: It passes thro' Kington, and flooding many thousand acres of rich meadows, joins the LUGG below Leominster. The water of the ARROW is found to be uncommonly beneficial to the land over which it is turned. This is not to be wondered at, when it is remarked, that the water springs from hills that are mostly composed of a calcareous or a siliceous stone; and as the land it passes over strips the water of the particles with which it is charged, that large portion of tillage ground, from whence it collects the surface water, affords that stream in all floods so ample a supply of rich terrene matter, that in place of the water being exhausted by passing over so large a portion of ground, it is continually getting richer and more luxuriant every field it traverses.

THE SOIL

Of *Herefordshire* is very different, and the difference often becomes striking in the space of a few yards only: From a strong clayey to the kindly sandy mould: yet all are rich, productive, and wonderfully adapted by nature for the nourishment of the different species of vegetables which she had destined to become the tenants of these different species of soils.

Grain and *hops* are the *crops*, and *neat cattle* the *stock*, which the farmer looks to for support. *Sheep* and *pigs* are also articles of some importance. *Cyder*, it is true, forms a very extensive branch of the wealth of this county. This, however, is an article upon which the farmer does not lay any considerable stress: for even when a *hit* does take place, there are a number of avenues, besides the farmer's pockets, with gaping mouths, ready to swallow the productions of his blooming orchards.

This forms at best but a precarious property, upon which prudence forbids any material dependence to be laid.

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT

OF

WILTON CASTLE.

WILTON Castle was the chief seat of the Barony of the GREYS of this place, by the marriage of Reginald Grey, Justice of Chester, with Maud, the heiress of Henry De Longchamp, Baron of Wilton, in the reign of Edward I. From hence a long train of valorous peers successively enjoyed this place, down to William Lord Grey of Wilton. Tho' earlier than this they much frequented their seats at BLECHLEY and WHADDON HALL, in BUCKS, and in the time of this William, the Castle of Wilton was much fallen to decay. This brave nobleman, in the reign of Queen Mary, defended Calais against the French with wonderful valour, till at length his soldiers mutinying in despair, he was obliged to yield it up, and became himself a prisoner, in which state he continued, till he redeemed himself for 24,000 crowns; a sum which almost ruined his estate. He was afterwards General of the forces sent into Scotland.

land. Having lived to all the great purposes of life, but self-interest, he died 1562, no less to the public sorrow of England, which he secured, than to the common joy of Scotland, which he awed. His son Arthur Lord Grey, a foldier as famous as his father, endeavoured to advance his lessened estate by his valour, and first was wounded at the siege of Leith, 1560, and afterwards was sent over Lord Deputy of Ireland, and there finally suppressed the rebellion of Desmond. But there is another cause, why his memory will live, long after his feats of arms are forgotten. He was the early patron of SPENSER the Poet, who went over to Ireland with him as his secretary, upon which he had a grant from Queen Elizabeth of 3000 acres of land in the county of Cork. His house was in Kilcolman; and here he finished his Fairy Queen; the river Mulla, which he has more than once introduced in his Poems, ran thro' his grounds. The world can never be grateful enough to the man, under whose patronage, so exquisite a Poem was written. The gratitude of the Poet will live for ever :*

- * " Most noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
- " And patron of my Muse's pupillage,
- " Thro' whose large bounty poured on me rife,
- " In the first season of my feeble age,
- " I now do live, bound yours by Vassalage." &c.

" Sonnet to Lord Grey," prefixed to the *Fairie Queen*.

LORD

LORD GREY died 1593.* His son WILLIAM, the last Lord,† a puritan, but a very hopeful young man, was attainted as an accomplice in Sir Walter Raleigh's supposed plot, and died in prison much pitied.‡ At what time this family parted with Wilton Castle is not exactly known; but 'tis probable it was parted with by Lord William, the grandfather, among the patrimony he was obliged to alienate for raising his ransom; since, it belonged to John, first Lord Chandos, who married his sister: and from him it became the seat of his second son Charles, who resided here as well as his posterity, down to James the magnificent Duke, who built CANNONS in MIDDLESEX. PHILIPS, in his Poem, called 'CYDER,' makes the following honorable mention of this family, originally natives of the county:

" Where shall we find

" Men more undaunted §? for their country's weal

" More prodigal of life? In ancient days,

" The Roman Legions and great Cæsar found

" Our

* Henry Fitzalan Earl of Arundel, when steward at King Edward's coronation, or constable at Queen Mary's, was the first that rid in a Coach in England. This Lord Grey was the first that brought a Coach to Ireland.

Lloyd's State Worthies.

† The title of Baron de Wilton has lately been revived in the person of Sir Thomas Egerton, Bart. descended from the sister and co-heir of this William; but not intitled to the ancient honour, both because of the attainder, and the abeyance.

‡ Weldon's Court of James I. page 32.

§ Than those of Herefordshire.

" Our fathers no mean foes, and Creffy's plains,
 " And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
 " What the SILURES vigour unwithstood
 " Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
 " BRIDGES' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd Knight,*
 " Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
 " High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,
 " Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
 " T' his noble offspring.† O thrice happy peer!
 " That blest with hoary vigour, view'st thyself
 " Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips
 " Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
 " Charm the wise senate, and attention win
 " In deepest councils: ARICONIUM pleas'd,
 " Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes;
 " Him, on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
 " Him hardy Britons bless; his faithful hand
 " Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
 " The general's conduct, than his care avails."

The remaining ruins of the Castle are very inconsiderable; there being nothing but a low square wall, enclosing a garden, with the appearance of a turret in one angle. This with Aconbury, Dewfall, and most of the other Chandos estates in this county, were sold some years back to Guy's hospital. In Peterstowe church, in which parish this stands, are no handsome monuments, but two or three flat stones to the memory of this family.

* This is an historical inaccuracy. Sir John Chandos, one of the first Knights of the Garter, was uncle to Alice, the wife of Sir Thomas Brydges, ancestor of the Brydges's.

† James Lord Chandos, father of the first Duke.

OBSE

●~~~~~●

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
PICTURESQUE BEAUTY
OF THE
RIVER WYE.

—————●●●●●—————

SCENERY of such inimitable beauty as that viewed down the river WYE, which is unquestionably *unique*, necessarily requires a minute detail and analization of its constituent parts; the steepness of its banks; its mazy course; the ground, woods, and rocks, and every other native and artificial ornament. These are most accurately and admirably defined by the celebrated comparer of natural and artificial landscape, Mr. GILPIN, in his excursion down this river in 1770.

Leaving the reader therefore to furnish himself with the necessary outlines from that able delineator, we shall proceed to give the result of these combinations under the auspicious beams we now viewed them.

For this purpose, we procured a boat for a guinea and a half, to take us to Monmouth, in which we embarked at three o'clock, and leaving * *Wilton* castle on our right, passed the noble bridge westward in continual serpentine nearly four miles, without any very striking feature to attract our notice. We were amused with some fishermen in their curious little boats, angling for trout and grealing; these delicate vehicles are made of wicker, or basket work, and covered on the outside with prepared canvass, which they paddle down the stream, and carry on their backs home again, like turtles in their shells. Mr. Gilpin mentions this curious vehicle, called a coricle, probably from the ancient boat, which was formed of leather, and gives the following curious story:

“ An adventurous fellow, for a wager, once navigated a coricle as far as Lundy isle, at the mouth of the British channel. A full fortnight or more he spent in this dangerous voyage; and it was happy for him that it was a fortnight of serene weather. Many a current and many an eddy; many a flowing tide and many an ebbing one, afforded him occasion to exert all his skill, and dexterity. Sometimes his little

* Mr. GILPIN, by a deception in this winding river, has described the ruin as on the opposite bank.

bark was carried leeward, and sometimes as far windward; but still he recovered his course, persevered in his undertaking; and at length happily atchieved it. When he returned to the New-Wear, report says, the account of his expedition was received like a voyage round the world." *

We now came opposite Mr. Gilpin's second landscape, Goodrich Castle, a most romantic relic of moss-grown towers, which more than answered every idea of his pencil, or description; the vast hill, called Copper-wood, apparently on the right, though really far beyond, adds greatly to the boldness of this prospect.

* On reading the above story, I thought it a circumstance deserving investigation, and, from a descendant of the person who made the voyage, I obtained the following information:

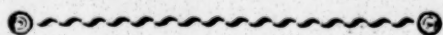
The man's name was LUKE HUGHES; lived at WILTON, near Ross; and belonged to the trows which traded between that place and Bristol. He did not perform the voyage for a wager, but as a frolic attended the vessel to Bristol, keeping within reach of her assistance the whole time, in case of accident. When he made KING ROAD, a ship of war or tender, then lying at anchor, supposing the Coricle to be something drifting on the water, put out their great boat, when to their surprise they found it our hero in his Truckle. Astonished at his skill and resolution, they took him on board their ship, where they MADE HIM MERRY, and at flood tide attended him with their barge to the mouth of the Bristol river, when they parted company, having placed him under the protection of the vessel with which he left WILTON.

Considering the danger of the exploit, his neighbours might well receive him with the astonishment Mr. GILPIN expresses.

C. HEATH.

Mr.

Mr. GILPIN.



“ After failing four miles from Ross, we came to GOODRICH CASTLE, where a grand view presented itself, and we rested on our oars to examine it. A reach of the river, forming a noble bay, is spread before the eye. The bank, on the right, is steep, and covered with wood; beyond which a bold promontory shoots out, crowned with a Castle, rising among trees.

“ This view, which is one of the grandest on the river, I should not scruple to call *correctly picturesque*; which is seldom the character of a purely natural scene.

“ In the scenery, indeed, at *Goodrich Castle*, the parts are few, and the whole is a very simple exhibition.

“ In following the course of the WYE, which makes here one of its boldest sweeps, we were carried almost round the Castle, surveying it in a variety of forms. Many of these retrospects are good; but, in general, the Castle loses, on this side, both its own dignity and the dignity of its situation.”



HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
ACCOUNTS
OF
GOODRICH CASTLE,
HEREFORDSHIRE.



GODRICH (or, as it is called, GOODRICH) CASTLE, stands on an eminence, near the south easternmost extremity of the county of Hereford, and on the western bank of the river WYE, distant almost due south from Hereford sixteen miles, and four from Ross. The passage and two closes below the Castle and nearly adjoining to it, are in the County of Monmouth, forming a circular area of about twelve or fifteen acres; the land encompassing it about is in the county of Hereford. By whom or when it was built are equally unknown.

The

The signature of "GODRICUS DUX" occurs twice the "Monasticon," among the witnesses to two Charters granted by King Canute; but whether he gave name to the Castle, or had any concern in its erection, does not appear. Indeed, the contrary is the most probable, as neither of the monasteries are in or near Herefordshire.

WILLIAM MARESCHAL Earl of Pembroke had a grant of Godrich Castle from King John, in the 5th year of his reign, to hold the service of two knights fees; and Walter Earl of Pembroke, his son, died there 30 Henry III. A. D. 1246.

From the MARESCHALS the Castle and Lordship came to WILLIAM DE VALENCIA, Earl of Pembroke, half brother to Henry III. in right of his wife JOAN MONTCHENSEY, descended from the MARESCHALS. According to "*Mills's Catalogue of Honour*," AYMER de VALENCIA, son and heir of William, was Lord of GODRICH Castle; he died without issue, the 23d of June 1324, 17 Edward II. Joan, second sister and co-heir of Aymer de Valencia, was the wife of John Lord Comyn of BADENORTH, by whom she had Elizabeth, a co-heiress, wife of Richard Lord Talbot, from whom descended the Earls of Shrewsbury.

In “*Jacob's Peerage*,” in the pedigree of the earls of Shrewsbury, it is said, “ that (Edward III.) Elizabeth Comyn, wife of Richard Talbot, who is there said to be one of the sisters and heirs of John Comyn, was forcibly seized at Kennington in Surry, by Hugh le Dispencer, Earl of Winchester, Hugh Dispencer, jun. and others, and first carried to Woking, and thence to Parfrith in that county, and so detained above a year; during which time she was by menaces of death constrained to pass her manor of Painswicke in the county of Gloucester, to the said Earl, and the Castle of GODRICH to Hugh the younger, to them and their heirs.”

From this it seems as if the Castle of GODRICH and the Manor of Painswicke were settled upon her to her separate use and disposal; otherwise her conveyance, being a *Feme Couvert*, could not have given the shadow of a title.

No authority is cited for this story, which is not mentioned in Sir Robert Atkyns's history of Gloucestershire, under the article of Painswicke, where that Lady is spoken of, and where it would with propriety be related.

Hugh le Dispencer did not long hold what he had so unjustly acquired; since in the 22d of Edward III. Godrich Castle was in the possession of Richard y Talbot

Talbot, who then obtained the royal licence for erecting therein a prison for malefactors; and in the 31st of the same reign died, possessed of it and manor, which, according to the Escheat Rolls in the Tower, he held of the king in capite; and in the 47th year of the same reign, Elizabeth his widow died, seized of them also, as appears by the said Rolls; wherein they are said to be in the marches of Wales.

Sir John Scudamore, of Ewyas and Hom Lacy, was constituted constable of Goderich Castle, during the minority of John Lord Talbot, 20th of Richard II. 1397.

This Castle and Manor continued in the family of the Talbots from the time of Edward III. till the 14th of James I. when Gilbert Talbot earl of Shrewsbury died, leaving three daughters, his co-heiresses. Elizabeth his second daughter was married to Henry de Grey Earl of Kent, who thereby became possessed of this and other manors; which continued in that family till the death of Henry duke of Kent, 5 June, 1740; who leaving no issue male, this estate was sold to Thomas Griffin, Esq. vice admiral of the White, in the possession of whose heirs it now remains.

This place gave the title of viscount to the last mentioned Henry, when he was by Queen Anne, 14 December, A. D. 1706, created Marquis of Kent.

During

During the civil war in the time of Charles I. this Castle was successively in the hands of both parties. The Parliament seized it at first. It appears afterwards to have fallen into the possession of the King's forces; for on the 15th of June, 1646, the Commons resolved, as appears from their Journals, in consequence of a letter from Colonel Birch, of the 18th of the same month, from Godrich Castle, that ' eighty barrels of powder be forthwith provided for ' the service against Gotherich castle and Ragland ' castle, out of the store at Oxford.'

It surrendered to the Parliament the 31st of July, after a siege probably of no great length, since it is not mentioned by RUSHWORTH. Colonel Birch is said to have battered that which is called the Lady's Tower.

On the 25th of August following, the Parliament ordered Mr. Samuel Browne and Mr. Selden to acquaint the Countess of Kent, ' with the necessity ' of demolishing Gotherich castle!!!' and that on the demolishing thereof satisfaction should be made to her. On the 1st of March following they resolved, ' that Godrich castle should be totally disgarriioned ' and flighted.' Probably at that time it was so far demolished, as to be rendered incapable of defence!!!

FURTHER ACCOUNT.

Having given an historical detail of the noble families who successively enjoyed this CASTLE, we shall proceed with the descriptive part, which we hope will not be less interesting.

THIS Castle was a very strong pile. A deep trench or ditch, near twenty yards broad, is hewn into the solid rock, where it wants the defence of the steepness of the hill, which it hath upon two sides, and part of the third. The entrance into it lies over a little neck of land, borne up on both sides by a stone wall, near the south easternmost angle of the castle, and a small bridge, having one Gothic arch, whose point is extremely acute, and half another, which is circular.

The FIGURE of the castle is nearly SQUARE, measuring within the walls 48 yards by 52. It is defended by four large round towers, one at each angle; some of which have very extraordinary and picturesque buttresses.

Having

Having passed through the strong gateway, the first building on the left hand is the CHAPEL; on the south wall of which was the figure of a talbot, surrounded with the garter of St. George, and on it an earl's coronet. The windows of this building were much more ornamented than any of the others. Here is a place for holy water, and niches for saints. Over it was a room with a fire-place, and beneath it a cellar; the brackets for the support of the floors, both above and below, are still remaining.

The KEEP is a square building, somewhat resembling Gondulph's tower, at Rochester castle, but much less. It seems very ancient; a moulding which surrounds it being decorated with the zig-zag ornament.

It is reported, that this Keep was built by one MACKBETH or MACMAC, an Irish commander, as a ransom for himself and son, who were taken prisoners in Ireland, by John earl of Shrewsbury, and brought hither. It is to this day called 'Mackbeth's tower.' Two monstrous head-pieces, said to be those of the father and son, were, till very lately, kept in this castle, as a memorial of that achievement.* Both

* On making application to the Rev. Dr. Griffin, of Hadnock, respecting the above mentioned HELMETS, he kindly informed me, that if such things had been formerly there, they had been removed before the estate came into the possession of his family, for he knew nothing of them, either from memory or tradition. C. H.

these

these helmets were extremely weighty; one of them would hold half a bushel; the least was remarkably thick.

The HALL was on the west side, where was observable a beam of oak entire, without knot or knaile, of 66 feet long, and near two feet square the whole length. The Hall itself was 60 feet, allowing three feet at each end for the resting of the beam in the walls.

In this castle were deposited all the papers and records of URCHENFELD,* where they retained the custom of 'Gavel Kind,' called, in Domesday book, *CONSUETUDINES WALLIENSIIUM*, the chief privileges of which were, that all lands, on the decease of the parent, were divided equally among the children, who might dispose thereof at the age of fifteen, being then deemed of age, without the consent of the Lord. Felony in the parent did not forfeit the estate, which descended nevertheless to the children.

In this castle was an ancient inscription, a drawing of which Mr. GROSE has given; who says, he was favoured with it by Richard Blyhe, Esq. F. A. S. who had it from the then bishop of Durham.

* Urchenfeld is a Deanery belonging to the diocese of Hereford.

MASTER SWIFT,

PARSON OF GOODRICH,

HEREFORDSHIRE,

*His Wife, and Tenne Children, most inhumanely
dealt with,*

BY CAPTAIN KIRLE,

A STONY-HEARTED REBELL.

THIS very curious Narrative, extracted from a Work which is seldom to be met with but in extensive Libraries, I here insert, as connected with the History of the Castle; and is also what I alluded to in the Preface, as an action becoming a Minister from the *infernal regions*, rather than an Officer, who possessed an extensive fortune and high reputation in the neighbourhood where it was committed.

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MASTER SWIFT, &c.

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**W**HEN the Earle of Stamford was in Herefordshire, in October 1642, and pillaged all that kept faith and allegiance to the king, information was given to Mistrisse Swift, wife of Master Thomas Swift, parson of GOODRICH, that her house was designed to be plundered: to prevent so great a danger she instantly repayred to Hereford, where the Earle then was, some tenne miles from her own home, to petition him that no violence might be offered by his soldiery to her house or goods. He most nobly and according to the goodness of his disposition, threw the petition away, and swore no small oathes “that she should be plundered “to-morrow.”

The good gentlewoman being out of hope to prevaile, and seeing there was no good to be done by petitioning him, speeds home as fast as she could, and that night removed as much of her goods as the shortnesse of the time would permit: next morning, to make good the Earle of Stamford's words, captaine Kirle, his troop consisting of 70 horse and 30 foot, which

which were hangers on (birds of prey), came to Master Swift's house; there they took away all his provision of victuals, corne, household-stuff, which was not conveyed away; they empty his beds and fill the ticks with malt; they rob him of his cart and six horses, and make this part of their theft the meanes to convey away the rest: Mistresse Swift much affrighted to see such a fight as this, thought it best to save herselfe, though she lost her goods; therefore taking up a young child in her arms, began to secure herselfe by flight: which one of the troopers perceiving, he commanded her to stay, or (holding his his pistol at her breast), threatening to shoot her dead; she (good woman) fearing death whether she went on or returned, at last shunning that death which was next unto her, she retired back to her house, where she saw herselfe undone, and she durst not oppose or ask, why they did so?

Having thus rifled the house and gone, next morning early she goes again to Hereford, and there she again petitions the Earle to shew some compassion on her and her tenne children, and that he would be pleased to cause her horses and some part of her goods to be restored unto her; the good Earle was so farre from granting her petition, that he would not vouchsafe so much as to read it: when she could not prevaile herselfe, she makes use  
of

of the mediation of friends: these have the repulse too, his lordship remaining inexorable without any inclination to mercy: at last, hoping that all men's hearts were not adamant, relentlesse, she leaves the Earle and makes her addresse to captaine Kirle, who upon her earnest intreaty grants her a protection for what was left, but for restitution there was no hope of that: this protection cost her no lesse than 30s. It seems paper and ink are deare in those parts.

And now thinking herselfe secured by this protection, she returns home, in hope that what was left she might injoy in peace and quietnesse: she had not been long at home, but captaine Kirle sends her word, that if it pleased her, she might buy foure of her own fix horses again, assuring her by his father's servant and tenant, that she should not feare being plundered of them any more by the Earle of Stamford's forces, while they were in those parts. Encouraged by these promises, she was content to buy her owne, and deposited eight pound ten shill. for foure of her horses. And now conceiving the storme to be blown over, and all danger past, and placing much confidence in her purchased protection, she causeth all her goods secured in her neighbour's houses to be brought home; and since it could not be better, rejoyced that she had not lost all. She had not enjoyed these thoughts long, but captaine Kirle sent  
unto



unto her for some vessells of cyder, whereof having tasted, but not liking it, since he could not have drinke for himselfe, he would have provender for his horse, and therefore instead of cyder he demands tenne bushell of oates. Mistresse Swift fearing that the denial might give some ground of a quarrell, sent him word, that her husband had not two bushell of oates in a year for tythe, nor did they sow any on their gleabe: both which were most true: yet to shew how willing she was (to her power) to comply with him, that the messenger might not return empty, she sent him forty shillings to buy oates.

Suddainly after the captaine of Goodrich Castle sends to Master Swift's house for victuall and corne; Mistresse Swift instantly repairs to him, and shews him her protection. He to answer shew with shew, shewes her his warrant, and so without any regard to her protection, seizeth upon that provision which captaine Kirle refused. Hereupon Mistresse Swift writes to captaine Kirle, complaining of this injury, and the affront done to him in sleighting his protection; but before the messenger could returne with an answer to her letter, some from the Castle come a second time to plunder the house, and they did what they came for. Presently after comes a letter from captaine Kirle, in answer to Mistresse

Swift's

Swift's, telling her, that the Earle of Stamford did by no means approve of the injuries done unto her; and withal by word of mouth sends to her for more oates. She perceiving, that as long as she gave they would never leave asking, resolved to be drill'd no more.

The returne not answering expectation, on the third of December, two hours before day, captaine Kirle's lieutenant, attended by a considerable number of horse and dragoones, comes to M. Swift's house and demands entrance; but the doores being kept shut against them, and not able to force them, they broke downe two iron barres in a stone window, and so with swords drawne and pistols cocked they enter the house. Being entered, they take all Master Swift and his wife's apparell, his bookes, and his children's clothes, they being in bed; and those poore children that hung by their cloathes, unwilling to part with them, they swung them about, untill their holdfast failing, they dashed them against the walls. They took away all his servants clothes; and made so clean work with one, that they left him not a shirt to cover his nakedness. There was one of the children, an infant, lying in the cradle; they rob'd that, and left not the little poore soule a rag to defend it from the cold. They took away all the iron, pewter, and brasse; and a very faire cupboard

D

of

of glasse, which they could not carry away, they broke to pieces. And the foure horses, lately redeemed, are with them lawful prize againe, and left nothing of all the goods but a few stooles, for his wife, children, and servants, to sit downe and be-moane their distressed condition.

Having taken away all and being gone, Mistresse Swift in compassion to her poor infant in the cradle, took it up, almost starved with cold, and wrapped it in her petty-coat which she took off from herselfe: and now hoped, that having nothing to lose would be a better protection for their persons than that which she purchased of Captaine Kirle for 30s. But as if Job's messenger would never make an end, her three maid-servants, whom they of the castle had compelled to carry the poultry to the castle, returned and tell their mistresse, that they in the castle said, that they had a warrant to seize upon Mistresse Swift and bring her into the castle, and that they would make her three maid-servants wait on her there. Hereupon Mistresse Swift fled to the place where her husband for feare of the rebels had withdrawn himselfe. She had not been gone two houres but they come from the castle, and bring with them three teames to carry away what was before designed for plunder, but wanted meanes of conveyance. When they came, amongst other things, there was a batch of bread hot in the oven, this they seize on;

tenne



tenne children on their knees intreat but for one  
loafe, and at last with much importunity obtained  
it; but before the children had eaten it, they took  
even that one loafe away, and left them destitute of  
a morsell of bread amongst tenne children.

Ransacking every corner of the house, that no-  
thing might be left behind, they find a small pewter  
dish, in which the dry nurse had put pap to feed  
the poore infant, the mother which gave it suck  
being fled to save her life, this they seize on too.  
The nurse intreats, for God's sake, that they would  
spare that; pleading, that in the mother's absence  
it was all the sustenance which was or could be  
provided to sustaine the life of the child; and on  
her knees intreated to shew mercy unto the child,  
that knew not the right hand from the left,—a  
motive which prevailed with God himselfe, though  
justly incensed against Nineveh. But to shew what  
bowels of compassion and mercy are to be expected  
in Sectaries, and how farre they are from being dis-  
ciples to him, who sayes, "*Be ye mercifull as your  
Father which is in Heaven is merciful,*" they trans-  
gresse that precept of our Saviour in the letter, and  
take away the children's meat, and give it unto  
dogs; for throwing the pap to the dogs, they put  
up the dish as lawfull prize.

Master

Master Swift's eldest sonne, a youth, seeing this barbarous cruelty, demanded of them a reason of this so hard usage? They replied, that his father was a traitor to the King and Parliament; and added, that they would keep them so short, that they should eate the very flesh from their arms; and to make good their word, they threaten the millar that if he ground any corne for those children, they would grind him in his owne mill: and not contented with this, they go to M. Swift's near neighbour (whose daughter was his servant) and take him prisoner. They examine him upon oath what goods of Master Swift's he had in his custody?—he professing that he had none, they charge him to take his daughter away from Master Swift's service, or else they threaten to plunder him; and to make sure work, they make him give them security to obey all their commands.

Terrified with this, the neighbours stand asfarre off, and pity the condition of these persecuted children, but dare not come or send to their reliefe; by this means, the children and servants had no sustenance, hardly any thing to cover them, from Friday fixe a clocke at night, untill Saturday twelve at night; untill at last, the neighbours moved with the lamentable cryes and complaints of the children and servants, one of the neighbours over-looking all difficulties,

difficulties, and shewing that he durst be charitable in despite of these monsters, ventured in and brought them some provision.

And if the world would know what so exasperated these rebels against this gentleman, the Earle of Stamford (a man that is not bound to give an account of all his actions) gave two reasons for it:

FIRST, “ Because he had bought armes, and conveyed them into Monmouthshire (which under his Lordship’s good favour was not so):” And,

SECONDLY, “ Because not long before he preached a sermon in Rosse, upon that text, *Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s*; in which, his Lordship said, he had spoken treason, in endeavouring to give Cæsar more than his due.”

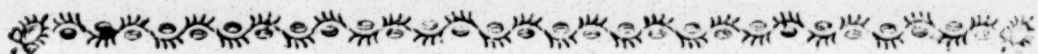
These two crimes cost Master Swift no lesse than three hundred pounds.

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*End of the Narrative.*

CON-





## CONTINUATION

OF THE

## VOYAGE

## DOWN THE WYE.

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**L**EAVING GOODRICH CASTLE, the banks on the left, which had hitherto contributed less to entertain, began now principally to attract attention; rearing themselves gradually into grand steeps; sometimes covered with thick woods, and sometimes forming vast concave slopes of mere verdure; undorned, except here and there, by a stragling tree; while the flocks, which hung browsing upon them, seen from the bottom, were diminished into white specks.

### THE VIEW AT RURE DEAN CHURCH

Unfolds itself next, which is a scene of great grandeur. Here, both sides of the river are steep, and both woody; but in one the woods are intermixed with rocks. The deep umbrage of the Forest of DEAN occupies the front; and the spire of the church rises among the trees. The reach of the river, which exhibits this scene, is long; and, of course,

course, the view, which is a noble piece of natural perspective, continues some time before the eye; but when the spire comes directly in front, the grandeur of the landscape is gone.

The STONE QUARRIES on the right, from which the bridge of BRISTOL was built, and on the left the furnaces of BISHOP'S WOOD, vary the scene, though they are objects of no great importance in themselves.

For some time, both sides of the river continue steep and beautiful. No particular object indeed characterizes either, but here nature characterizes her own scenes. We admire the infinite *variety* with which she *shapes* and *adorns* these vast concave and convex forms. We admire also that *varied* TOUCH with which she expresses every object.

#### AT LIDBROKE

Is a large Wharf, where Coals are shipped for Hereford and other places. Here the scene is new and pleasing. All has thus far been grandeur and tranquillity. It is now life and bustle. A road runs diagonally along the bank, and horses and carts appear passing to the small vessels, which lie against the wharf, to receive their burdens. Close behind, a rich woody hill hangs sloping over the wharf, and forms a grand back-ground to the whole. The contrast

contrast of all this business, the engines used in lading and unlading, together with the solemnity of the scene, produce altogether a picturesque assemblage. The sloping hill is the front screen; the two side-screens are low.

The front soon becomes a lofty side screen on the left; and sweeping round the eye at WELCH BICKNOR, forms a noble amphitheatre.

#### AT COLD-WELL,

The front screen first appears as a woody hill, swelling to a point. In a few minutes it changes its shape, and the woody hill becomes a lofty side screen on the right, while the front unfolds itself into a majestic piece of rocky scenery.

Here we should have gone on shore, and walked to the NEW WEIR, which by land is only a mile, though by water it is near four. This walk would have afforded some very noble river views: nor should we have lost any thing by relinquishing the water, which in this part was uninteresting.

But the grand scenery soon returned. We approached it however gradually.

#### THE VIEWS AT WHITECHURCH

Were an introduction to it. Here we failed thro' a long reach of hills, whose sloping sides were covered with large, lumpish, detached stones, ; which seemed,



seemed, in a course of years, to have rolled from a girdle of rocks, that surrounds the upper regions of these high grounds on both sides of the river, but particularly on the left.

From these rocks we soon approached

THE NEW WEIR,

Which may be called

THE SECOND GRAND SCENE ON THE WYE.

The river is wider than usual in this part, and takes a sweep round a towering promontory of rock, which forms the side screens on the left, and is the grand feature of the view. It is not a broad, fractured face of rock, but rather a woody hill, from which large projections, in two or three places, burst out; rudely hung with twisting branches, and shaggy furniture; which, like mane round the lion's head, give a more savage air to these wild exhibitions of nature. Near the top, a pointed fragment of solitary rock, rising above the rest, has rather a fantastic appearance; but it is not without its effect in marking the scene.

On the right side of the river, the bank forms a woody amphitheatre, following the course of the stream round the promontory. Its lower skirts are adorned with a hamlet, in the midst of which volumes of thick smoke, thrown up at intervals from

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an

an iron forge, as its fires receive fresh fuel, add double grandeur to the scene.

But what peculiarly marks this view, is a circumstance on the water. The whole river, at this place, makes a precipitate fall; of no great height indeed, but enough to merit the title of a cascade: tho' to the eye above the stream, it is an object of no consequence. In all the scenes we had yet passed, the water moving with a slow, and solemn pace, the objects round kept time, as it were, with it; and every steep, and every rock, which hung over the river, was solemn, tranquil, and majestic. But here the violence of the stream, and the roaring of the waters, impressed a new character on the scene: all was agitation, and uproar, and every steep and every rock stared with wildness, and terror.

Below the *New Weir* are other rocky views of the same kind, tho' less beautiful.

After we had passed a few of these scenes, the hills gradually descend into MONMOUTH, which lies too low to make any appearance from the water.

[MR. GILPIN.]

MR. WHEATLEY'S  
OBSERVATIONS ON THE NEW WEIR.

UNDER THE ARTICLE,

"OF ROCKS CHARACTERISED BY TERROR."

INHABITANTS furnish frequent opportunities to strengthen the appearances of force, by giving intimations of danger. A house placed at the edge of a precipice, any building on the pinnacle of a crag, makes that situation seem formidable, which might otherwise have been unnoticed. A steep, in itself not very remarkable, becomes alarming, when a path is carried assant up the side: A rail on the brow of a perpendicular fall, shews that the height is frequented and dangerous: And a common foot bridge thrown over a cleft between rocks, has a still stronger effect. In all these instances, the imagination immediately transports the spectator to the spot, and suggests the idea of looking down such a depth; in the last, that depth is a chasm, and the situation is directly over it.

In other instances, exertion and danger seem to attend the occupations of the inhabitants;

----- Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

is a circumstance chosen by the great Master of  
Nature,



Nature, to aggravate the terrors of the scene he describes. Mines are frequent in rocky places ; and they are full of ideas suited to such occasions. To these may sometimes be added the operations of engines ; for machinery, especially when its powers are stupendous, or its effects formidable, is an effort of art which may be accommodated to the extravagancies of nature.

*A Scene at the New Wear, on the Wye,*  
Which in itself is truly great and awful, so far from being disturbed, becomes more interesting and important by the business to which it is destined.

It is a chasm between two high ranges of hills, which rise almost perpendicularly from the water ; the rocks on the sides are mostly heavy masses ; and their colour is generally brown ; but here and there a pale craggy shape starts up to a vast height above the rest, unconnected, broken, and bare : large trees frequently force out their way amongst them, and many of them stand far back in the covert, where their natural dusky hue is deepened by the shadow which overhangs them. The river too, as it retires, loses itself in woods, which close immediately above, then rise thick and high, and darken the water.

In the midst of all this gloom is an IRON FORGE covered with a black cloud of smoke, and surrounded

ed with half-burned ore, with coal, and with cinders. The fuel for it is brought down a path worn into steps, narrow and steep, and winding among precipices; and near it is an open space of barren moor, about which are scattered the huts of the workmen.

It stands close to the cascade of the Weir, where the agitation of the current is increased by large fragments of rocks, which have been swept down by floods from the banks, or shivered by tempests from the brow; and the sullen sound, at stated intervals, from the strokes of the great hammers in the forge, deadens the roar of the water-fall.

Just below it, while the rapidity of the stream still continues, a ferry is carried across it; and lower down, the fishermen use little round boats, called *Truckles* (the remains perhaps of the ancient British navigation), which the least motion will upset, and the slightest touch may destroy. All the employments of the people seem to require either exertion or caution; and the ideas of force or of danger which attend them, give to the scene an animation unknown to a solitary, though perfectly compatible with the wildest romantic situations.

[MR. WHEATLEY.]

" Observations on Modern Gardening."



## CONTINUATION

OF THE

## VOYAGE

## DOWN THE WYE.

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**F**ROM GOODRICH CASTLE, down the next reach on our left, a beautiful livery of green cloathed the surrounding steeps: This is the general complexion of the adjacent country, for every ten or twelve years the woods are cropped quite close to the ground, principally to supply the forges and furnaces with charcoal, &c. and as they sprout again, this delightful verdure appears scarce distinguishable, at some distance, from the most luxuriant crops. As in other spots their vigour is increased, or come to full growth, different tints and shades are seen, which constitute the wonderful variety so peculiar to these scenes.

The hill beyond, on our right; is covered with lime-kilns; we saw a small hut, by the water side, carelessly heaped together, which, according to established custom, the indigent natives raise in the night;



night; this, if they can accomplish it so as to cover in, and boil a pot, within the space of twelve hours unmolested, becomes their own; and they are allowed to inclose a sufficient quantity of land round it, and to rebuild a more suitable cottage; thus in a few years, by this laudable custom and indulgence, the whole face of the country wears a general aspect of cultivation, and the most barren spots become adorned with woods, gardens, and orchards. This in miniature resembles the great world at large in its original state of nature, with this restriction, that their King is already established: they may wage wars, and have trivial hostilities about infringements of property, and other jealousies or animosities, but no violent danger can ensue,—the Lord of the Manor has the supreme power to keep them in awe, and rectify these commotions in their state.

We next passed some iron works on our left, called

#### BISHOP'S WOOD FURNACE.

The scene here greatly improves, and the stream flows thro' a winding avenue of richer cloathing.

In the reach below this, is

#### LIDBROKE COLLIERY.

A very plentiful mine, and of good quality, which supplies Ross, and various other places. After so much grandeur and tranquillity, this busy contrast upon

upon the banks of the wharf, produced a new and lively effect.

A little lower, on the right, stands

### COURT FIELD,

*[Then] the seat of Wm. Vaughan, esq. of Monmouth.*

An ancient pile, with an artificial ruin above. A few fine deer were bounding on the ridgy banks; the parish church in miniature, just below, is truly picturesque; it is called **WELCH BICKNOR**, to distinguish it from another village of the same name about two miles below, on the opposite side of the river, in Gloucestershire, which now only divides the two counties, but was formerly the boundary between the Welch and English, according to this verse of Necham:

“Inde vagos Vaga Cambrenses, hinc respicit Anglos.”

“Hence **WYE** the **ENGLISH** views, and thence the **WELCH**.”

In this church is a chalice of great antiquity, being from its date, made in 1176, and altho' finished in a very rough manner, it has some resemblance to those used in the present age. It is supposed that it was made by some of those Arabians living in the Norman territories, near the borders of Spain, who embraced the Christian religion, and was by them brought

brought to Britany or Normandy, and from thence to England.\*

### AT ENGLISH BICKNOR,

A triangular bushy mount hangs like a noble rampart to the water at the next reach. The verdant rocks now spread their tufted heads in variegated order, and at the half-way point, the abrupt cliffs, called

### COLDWELL,

Opened an amphitheatre of romantic beauties, beyond the power of words or canvass to express; the creeping evergreens upon the protuberances of each mouldering rock, and the profusion of other hanging foliage, present a variety of vivid tints inimitably soft and fine. No tapestry of art, not even of the rich Gobelins,† can possibly excel this admi-

\* The CHALICE here mentioned is a neat silver VASE, with a cover, about eight inches high, but very light. The edges of both parts are chased with a kind of zig-zag ornament, and on the top of the cover is engraved the date of the year in which it was made, in characters as near as possible to these,

1146,

[22d of King HENRY II.]

It is used in the Administration of the Sacrament at Bicknor Church. Mr. JACKSON, of Court Field, in whose custody it is placed, was so kind as to permit the Writer of this Note to inspect it. C. H.

† A house in Paris, in the suburb of St. Marceau. so called from Giles Gobelin, an excellent Dyer, who found out the secret of dying scarlet, in the reign of Francis I. At this place they made the finest tapestry in Europe.



rable production of the loom of Nature; we only wanted fun to paint the colours stronger. The massy heaps beneath, thrown from their native rocks by the devastation of time, are very curious, and some of them little inferior to the famous Bowdar stone in Borrowdale; one, in particular, infinitely more deserves the similitude of a ship lying on its keel, immersed too in the bosom of these lucid streams.

We now came to the SECOND FERRY, called  
HUNSON'S ROPE, *at* WHITCHURCH;

Which, to give an idea of the beauteous course of this river, is SEVEN miles distant from the upper one at Goodrich by water, and only ONE by land. The parish church here, is another picturesque object on the verge of the water, so near as sometime to be surrounded by the flood; the vast hills beyond are remarkable bold, and form a sublime termination to this reach.

The thinly scattered cots, as we approached

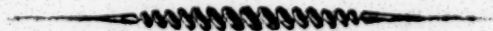
THE NEW WEIR,

Are richly reclusive: no gripe of poverty, no perplexing cares, seem to disturb these quiet haunts; a more primæval scene cannot well be conceived to exist. Passing through a lock, we saw the busy  
Cyclops

Cyclops working on the opposite shore, and as the evening was far advanced and rather overcast, this scene became more awful and sublime.

The Moon scarce seated on her silver car,  
 The veil of night hung heavy o'er the world,  
 And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reign'd,  
 As 'twere a pause of Nature! On the banks  
 No murmuring billow breaks, but all is hush'd,  
 Save ever and anon the thund'ring stroke  
 That beats the fiery mass: while upwards rise  
 The smoaky volumes sparkling thro' the air.  
 But hark! the full assembled owls begin  
 To shriek their orgies 'midst the rocks and woods.  
 Pensive I sit, and hear the frightful din  
 Responsive echoing thro' the sullen skies;  
 'Till lull'd by music of the dashing oar,  
 My untun'd soul again finds sweet repose.

Parody on part of Scene I. Act III. of the Grecian Daughter.



[Mr. SHAW.]

"Tour to the West of England."

## ORIGINAL.

## SONNET.

WRITTEN DURING AN EXCURSION ON THE RIVER WYE,  
BY MOONLIGHT.

BY A FRIEND OF C. HEATH'S.

LOW, murmuring winds, sigh in the rustling trees;  
And silver Cynthia, with mild lustre, beams  
Her trembling light on Wye's majestic streams,  
Which curl to kiss the sweetly sportive breeze,—  
Gleam to the Moon, and float in lucid maze.  
Ah, see! yon cloud has veil'd the lovely scenes:  
No more the eye still-varying landscapes sees,  
But shadowy darkness steals along the ground.  
How oft will ENVY thus, with gloomy eyes,  
Aim her dark shafts fair INNOCENCE to wound!  
Yet as yon MOON emerging still shall rise,  
Gilding the woods, and rocks, and dales, around;  
So may'st thou, VIRTUE, SCANDAL's darts despise;  
With purer radiance soar; and seek thy kindred skies!

D. BILSBORROW, TR. COL. CAM



VYE,

es;

es!

L. CAM